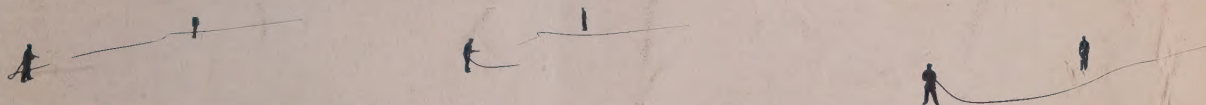


Illinois Library
five foremost Chicagoans of '55

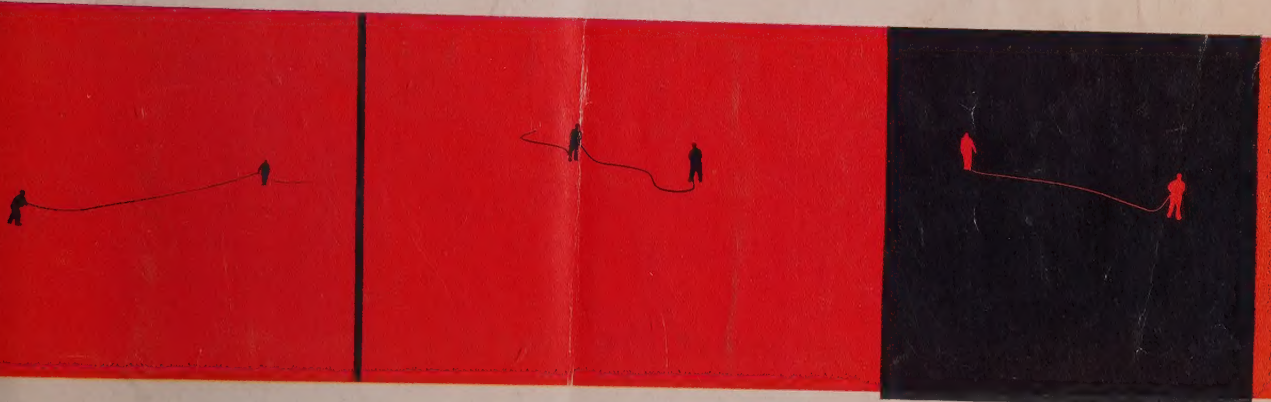
Chicago

THE YOUNG CRIMINALS

talk to a stranger



niagara falls is a terrible place to go • A SHORT STORY



AUTO SHOW: horseless carriage to hardtop

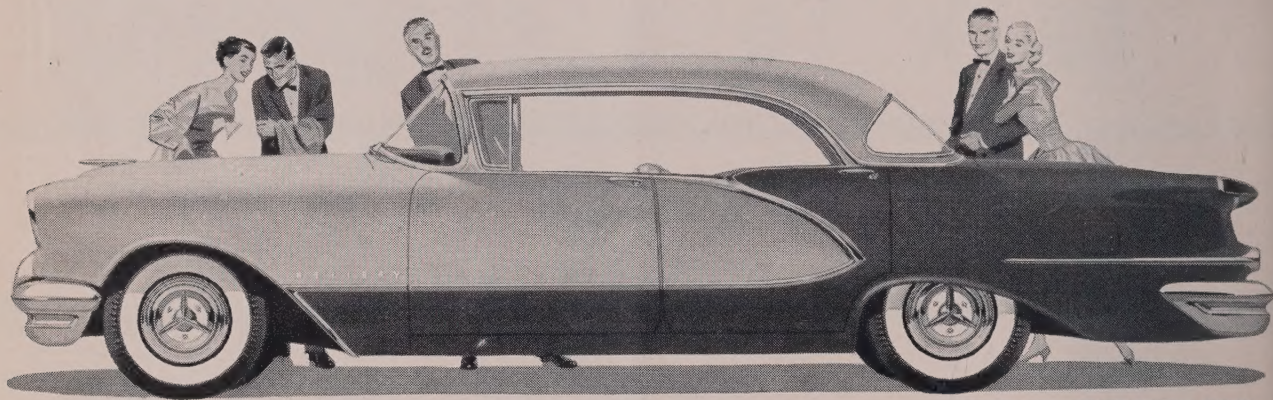


25 cents / january 1956

Oh-h-h!

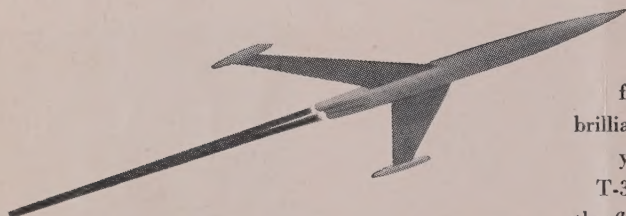
THOSE '56

OLDSMOBILES!



NINETY-EIGHT DELUXE HOLIDAY SEDAN

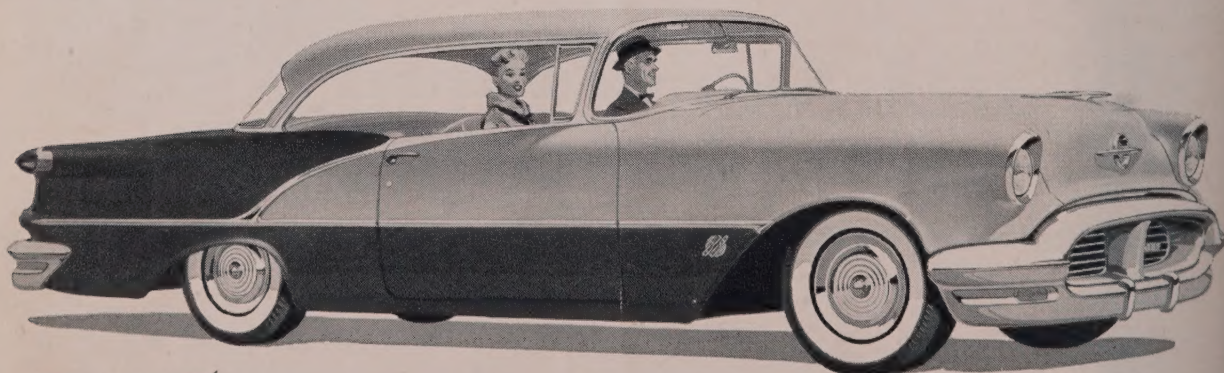
See them at the Show!



Here are the cars you can't afford to miss—Oldsmobiles for '56! You'll thrill to stunning new Starfire styling—brilliant new glamor and luxury throughout! And after the show, you can try the action team of the year—the blazing Rocket T-350 plus revolutionary new Jetaway Hydra-Matic*, with all the *flow* of fluid, all the *go* of gears! Visit the Oldsmobile exhibit—then stop in for a Rocket Ride at your Oldsmobile dealer's!

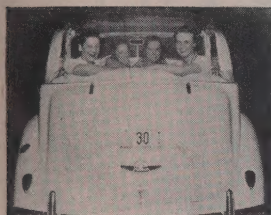
*Standard on Ninety-Eight models; optional at extra cost on Super 88 models.

Drive them at your Dealer's!



SUPER 88 HOLIDAY COUPE

SEE YOUR NEAREST OLDSMOBILE DEALER



PAGE 36



PAGE 29

Chicago / January 1956

CONTRIBUTORS

The many lives of Helen Harris Perlman—wife, mother, University of Chicago professor of social work, community worker—leave room for still another, that of writing short stories, which she says is her recreation.

Joseph N. Bell of La Grange, who contributed "Deaf in Five Languages," is a free-lance writer who generated a lot of comment locally about a year ago with an article in "Harper's" about Robert E. Merriam.

A husband-and-wife team are represented in this issue, but on separate pieces of work. Patricia Breen, former movie critic of the "American," tours foreign movie houses for us, while her husband, Irving Sablosky, music critic for the "Daily News," was our informant on spare-time meanderings of opera stars as reported in West of the Water Tower.

A. James Speyer, who describes Chicago's architectural renaissance under Mies van der Rohe, is an associate professor of architecture at Illinois Tech.

COVER

The silhouette-like photographs of men flooding a skating rink with a hose were made by Len Gittleman. Designer James McCray worked them into an abstract pattern with color bars heightening the contrast.

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PAGE 4

Ring in the New, Wring Out the Old

By general reputation, newspaper cartoonists are no more dissolute than the next members of the journalistic or artistic professions. Indeed, if any hierarchy is supposed, it probably runs in the opposite direction—a cartoonist being thought of as combining the idealism of the artist with the practicality of the police reporter. Evidence herewith exhibited, however, indicates the supposition to be incorrect. The cartoonists, it seems, debauch like nobody else on New Year's Eve. As a result, men who are witty, inspired, even profound 364 days a year turn stale in concert for their January 1 efforts. They produce the same basic cartoon every year—an improbably bent, senile 12-month-old being upstaged by an obese whelp clad in a dinner napkin. Variations on the theme are many and tend to reflect the general orientation of the papers in which they are printed, but the essential plot seems as firmly entrenched as "Auld Lang Syne."

CHANGING SHIFTS ON THE OLD TURNING LATHE



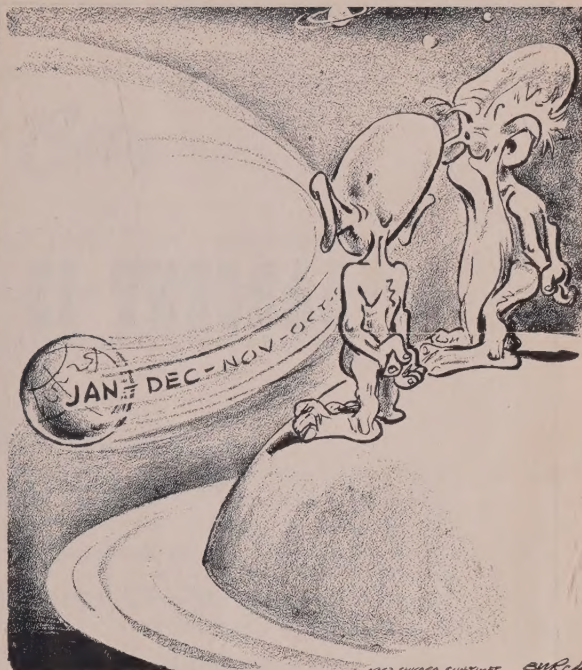
Orr's 1929 essay in the *Tribune* was a kind of self-lampoon with the reference to endless annual repetition.

THE OLD TENANT MOVES OUT

JAN 1 1954



This cartoon was repeated two years later with a simple change in debris (opposite page) but the same folksy platitude against evil.



"WELL, ANYWAY - TH' OL' WORLD STILL RUNS ON TIME"

Modern-size *Sun-Times'* Burck moved the central characters to another planet in 1953, but the situation remained earthbound.

The Legacy



In 1953 the *Daily News'* Jensen returned to the *Tribune's* trash track, substituting Democrats for other forms of refuse.

Happy Landing

By Johnny Walbridge



Not bent on straining the reader's intellect, the *American's* Walbridge let the kid go it alone in a simplified version of the classic story two years ago.

LARCENY IS NOT A VIRTUE ~

but there are some larcenists
we're very fond of —

those, for example, who snitch copies of
CHICAGO from the homes of their friends.

This kind of misdemeanor often causes the victim
to order a gift subscription for the larcenist.

HOWEVER

it's better not to be a larcenist, and to make sure
that you get CHICAGO as regularly as anyone else

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more lively, more informative, every issue.

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just tear out the prepaid postcard bound in
this issue. You'll be on better terms with your friends,
and will learn for yourself why

CHICAGO MAGAZINE HAS BECOME A MUST

for those who live in America's most dynamic city,
and those who wish they did.



Letter to the City

in which **CHICAGO** again sends New Year's greetings to its readers, glances back upon the surprises of its second year, and undertakes to answer two pertinent questions.

One year ago, the first of these Letters was written. At that time, the Editors of **CHICAGO** had already learned how right they were in their conviction that thousands of Chicagoans would be interested—even eager—about each succeeding issue of a magazine that set out to interpret the most characteristic and most creative of American cities. The Editors had learned, too, how arduous, as well as how stimulating, is the determination to make each monthly issue of a magazine an engaging and lively reflection of the city's life.

This issue is the 23rd we have published. Since the previous Letter to the City, one year ago, we have solidly built up our circulation and our advertising revenue. Early in 1956, **CHICAGO** will be distributed nationally, and will be seen on the newsstands of major cities around the country, and of the bigger cities in nearby states. It already has subscribers in most states and about 20 foreign countries. So, in terms of the material growth proper to a new magazine, **CHICAGO** is doing well, indeed.

But in addition to the friendly question: "How are you doing?" to which the paragraph above can serve as a reply—we often hear another, equally friendly, but more searching:

"What does **CHICAGO** stand for? What does it mean: 'to portray this city as a community?' Why is **CHICAGO** more than just another local magazine?"

An attempt was made to answer this question years before the first issue appeared, in an editorial prospectus which few readers of **CHICAGO** can have seen, but whose basic statements are as pertinent now as then:

***CHICAGO** wants to speak to the Chicagoan who is intelligent, skeptical, and aspiring; who feels the vacuum that exists in local publishing, and wants that vacuum filled by something that has muscles, nerves and brains.*

***CHICAGO** speaks not for the windy booster whose vision blurs at the edge of the prairie, but for the mature, cosmopolitan Chicagoan who knows what it means to have built the world's fifth largest city in a hundred years—but who knows, too, that this city has yet to grow up as a world metropolis.*

***CHICAGO** is written for the man who finds more to his city than meets the headlines, who knows that the rackets, the slums and the squalor are part of it (the magazine will report them), but who knows also that the epic of the city's industrial development, the odysseys of its immigrant groups, the fertility of its intellectual life, the challenge it presents*

to the democratic idea, have never been driven home, even to many who have passed a lifetime here.

*In general, **CHICAGO** is concerned with the here and now, with the impact of the city itself, and above all, with who is involved in what is happening. It is keenly responsive to events and ideas, but will most often report them through the reactions of individual men and women.*

***CHICAGO** is no regional magazine in any provincial sense. It keeps its editorial eye focused on this city and on the Midwest—and on its readers. But its pages are open to good material wherever and by whomever written. And it is quick to report on salient personalities, events and ideas anywhere.*

***CHICAGO**'s standards are those of the best American journalism, and in certain fields of reporting and criticism where compromise has become pandemic, it intends to maintain standards of its own.*

*In its editorial policy, **CHICAGO** is independent. It is happy to challenge ideas, positions and people with whom it disagrees. And it advances convictions of its own, which will not always be popular.*

Looking back, across the perspective of 23 issues, it is humbling to recognize how portentous these words sound, and how gawky by comparison the achievement is. But the words are quoted here because many readers have let us know, by letter, or telephone or in personal talks, that they recognize what's exhilarating in the ambition to project a metropolis as a community, for the entertainment and enlightenment of those few hundred thousand people who are its natural leaders. And because, however far we may have fallen, in fact, below the stated ideal, we stand by it, and its expression.

The purpose of the Editors is to produce a magazine that will be unique in being simultaneously local and also of national, and ultimately of world, interest. Eventually—and not too far in the future—anyone in Johannesburg, Reykjavik or Ankara (or in Hyde Park, Winnetka or Terre Haute) who is interested in what Americans are truly like ought to be able to find some provocative and honest answers in the pages of this magazine.

We hope that the next twelve issues will bear evidence of progress toward this goal.

Maurice English

Editor & Publisher

WHAT ↓ GOES ON HERE



listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra. Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. Fritz Reiner, cond. **Jan.: 5** (Thu.) & **6** (Fri.), Janos Starker, cello, soloist; Symphony No. 32 in G Major, Mozart; "The Mirror," Borowski; Cello Concerto, Schumann; Symphony No. 5 ("Reformation"), Mendelssohn. **10** (Tue.), Artur Rubinstein, piano, soloist; "Fireworks," Stravinsky; Piano Concerto No. 2, Rachmaninoff; Symphony No. 5, Tchaikovsky. **12** (Thu.) & **13** (Fri.), Artur Rubinstein, piano, soloist; Overture to "Semi-ramide," Rossini; Piano Concerto No. 1 in E Flat, Liszt; Piano Concerto in A Minor, Grieg. **14** (Sat.), Soloist and program to be announced. **19** (Thu.) & **20** (Fri.), New York Concert choir, Margaret Hillis, cond.; Hilda Gueden, soprano; Jenny Tourel, mezzo soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Donald Grand, basso; soloists: Grand Mass in C Minor, K. 427, Mozart; "Te Deum," Bruckner. **24** (Tue.), Bruno Walter, guest cond.; Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"), Beethoven; remainder of program to be announced. **26** (Thu.) & **27** (Fri.), Bruno Walter, guest cond.; John Weicher, violin; Milton Preves, viola, soloists; Overture to "The Magic Flute"; Symphonie Concertant for Violin, Viola and Orchestra; Symphony in A Major, No. 29; Symphony No. 41 in C ("Jupiter"), Mozart. **28** (Sat.), George Schick, guest cond., Thaddeus Kozuch, piano, soloist; Polish Arts Club Night at the Sym-

phony, program to be announced soon. **Allied Arts concerts.** Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets on general sale three weeks before concerts.

Jan.: 7, 8:30 p.m., Eleanor Steber, soprano; **8**, 3:30 p.m., Marian Anderson, contralto; **15**, 3:30 p.m., Vronsky and Babin, duo pianists; **21**, 8:30 p.m., Irish Festival singers; **22**, 3:30 p.m., De Paur Infantry chorus; **29**, 3:30 p.m., Mary Frances Crowley, soprano.

Lisa Della Casa, soprano, Arts Club, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Jan. 15, 9 p.m.

Chamber Music society, Lutkin hall, University place at Orrington, Evanston (UN 4-1907). Jan. 10, 8:15 p.m.

Louis Crowder, piano, Lutkin hall (UN 4-1907). Jan. 22, 4 p.m.

Lyon-Healy Young Artists recital series. Lyon-Healy Concert hall, 64 e. Jackson (WA 2-7900). **Jan.: 9**, Marion Davis Flah-

erty, soprano, Thomas Doran, piano; **16**, Marilyn Bechtel, cello, Dorothy Jacobson, piano; **23**, Lucy Vlatka Prince, soprano, William Hughes, piano; **30**, James Williams, baritone, Lynn Wilgus, piano. 8 p.m. **Szymon Goldberg**, violin, Solomon Goldman auditorium, 4040 Sheridan (BU 1-1423). Jan. 3, 8:15 p.m.

Mischa Mischakoff, violin, and **Chicago Association of Commerce Glee club**, Sinc Temple, 5350 South Shore drive (BU 8-1600). Jan. 24, 8:15 p.m.

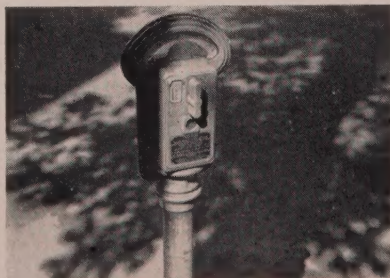
Mozart Birthday program. George Schick, pianist and conductor, with members of the Chicago Symphony orchestra. Mander hall, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). Jan. 27, 8:30 p.m.

University Symphony orchestra, Cahn auditorium, Sheridan at Emerson, Evanston (UN 4-1907). Jan. 15, 4 p.m.

The Woodwind Ensemble of Paris, Lutkin hall (UN 4-1907). Jan. 24, 8:15 p.m.

THEATER

Anastasia, Blackstone, 60 e. Balbo (CE 6-8240). Eugenie Leontovich in a play which revolves around the heiress apparent and unapparent to the czarist throne. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30. **Plain and Fancy**, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). Music and province fun among the Pennsylvania Dutch. Open Jan. 24. Performance times to be announced.



Kismet, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). This comedy-melodrama-musical has a vagabond poet as a central character and a score based on music of Alexander Borodin. Through Jan. 21. Nightly, except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Pajama Game, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). A lusty musical of life, love and labor relations in a pajama factory. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Teahouse of the August Moon, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Burgess Meredith holds together this John Patrick comedy about the American occupation of Okinawa. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Cinerama Holiday, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). The three-eyed camera follows U. S. and European couples through a reciprocal tour agreement. Nightly, Sun.-Thur., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.



DANCE

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Jan. 2, 2:30 and 8:30 p.m.

OPERA

Pavanne Opera Theater, Eighth st. theater, 741 s. Wabash, (HA 7-6834). A new semi-professional group with Dino Bigalli as conductor. Jan. 20 (Fri.), "Madame Butterfly"; Jan. 22 (Sun.), "Rigoletto"; Jan. 27 (Fri.), "Pagliacci"; Jan. 29 (Sun.), "La Boheme"; Feb. 3 (Fri.), "Barber of Seville." 8:30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Chicago Automobile show, Int'l amphitheater (YA 7-5580). Jan. 7-15, 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Professional Tennis stars, McGaw Fieldhouse, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Singles and doubles play among Jack Kramer, Tony Trabert, Pancho Gonzales, Rex Hartwig and Pancho Segura. Jan. 8 and 9, 8 p.m.

Winter Flower show, Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) and Garfield park (300 n. Central park) conservatories (HA 7-5252). Annual park district displays of poinsettia and other seasonal blooms. Thru Jan. 8, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Hollywood Ice revue, Chicago stadium, 1800 w. Madison (SE 3-5300). Jan. 1 & 2, 6 p.m.; Jan. 4-6, 8:30 p.m.; Jan. 7, 2 p.m. & 8:30 p.m.; Jan. 8, 2 p.m. & 6 p.m.; Jan. 9 & 10, 8:30 p.m.

LECTURES

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Gallery talks**, by George D. Culler. 11 a.m. "What Is a Work of Art and What Is It Supposed to Do?" Jan. 10, gallery 42; "Why Do We Understand Some Art Works More Easily Than Others and Why Do Styles in Art Change?" Jan. 17, gallery 38-40; "Are Works of Art Supposed to Mean Something?" Jan. 24, gallery 25; "How Can We Make for Ourselves Good Judgments About Art Works?" Jan. 31, gallery 32. **An Experience in Looking**: An invitation to the public to leaf through portfolios of Toulouse-Lautrec prints and posters. Fullerton hall, Jan. 11, 18 & 25, 12:30 p.m. "Toulouse-Lautrec and the Art of the Poster," Alan M. Fern, Jan. 13, 6:30 p.m. "Observers of the Human Comedy: Goya, Daumier and Toulouse-Lautrec," George D. Culler, Jan. 27. Fullerton hall, 6:30 p.m. **Art Through Travel**: "The Art and Life of Japan," Jan. 8 & 15; "From Bangkok to Bali," Jan. 22 & 29. Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson, Fullerton hall, 2:30 p.m. **College of Complexes**, 862 n. State (WH 4-9028). Jan. 19, "Repeal the 19th amendment," Alan Whitney; Jan. 27, "Peace in Our Time," Kermit Eby. 9 p.m.

Illinois Audubon society, James Simpson theater, Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). "Rocky Mountain Rambles," a screen tour by Emerson Scott. Jan. 8, 2:30 p.m.

Northwestern university, (UN 4-1900). **Alumni Fund series**: "The Future of the Labor Party in Britain," Hugh Gaitskell, Jan. 6; "Radioactive Fall-out," Willard F. Libby, Jan. 19. Technological Institute auditorium, Sheridan at Noyes, 8 p.m. Free. **Lecture-Concert**: "Semantics and Jazz," S. I. Hayakawa, speaker, with Bob Scobie's Frisco band, Lizzie Myles, singer. Jan. 25, Cahn Auditorium, Sheridan at Emerson, 8 p.m. **Anshe Emet forum**, Solomon Goldman auditorium, 4040 Sheridan (BU 1-1423). Jan. 10, "The Toynbee Hoax," Maurice Samuel; Jan. 24, "Desegregation—Bane or Blessing," Archibald J. Carey, jr. 8:15 p.m.

Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Discussion in the Round series: "How Shall We Care For Our Children?" Sheriff Joseph D. Lohman, William McBride, Dr. Rudolph Dreikurs. Jan. 11, 8 p.m. **Sinai Temple forum**, Sinai Temple, 5350 South Shore drive (BU 8-1600). Jan. 17, "The Challenge of the 20 Republics to the South: Progress and Power in the Americas," Edward Tomlinson. Jan. 31, "Prisoners Are People," Kenyon J. Scudder. 8:15 p.m.

University of Chicago, (MI 3-0800). **Walgreen Foundation series**: "Political Power in the Process of Government," Karl Lowenstein. Jan. 16, 18, 20, 23, 25 & 27. 4:30 p.m., Social Sciences Research building, 1126 e. 59th. **Chemistry in Industry**: Jan. 10, T. W. Evans; Jan. 17, Edgar C. Britton; Jan. 24, W. J. Sparks; Jan. 26, Richard W. Kimmiller; Jan. 31, T. H. Rogers. 8 p.m. Kent Chemical building, 1020 e. 58th. Free.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Jan. show: Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: Currier and Ives prints from the Stuyvesant Peabody memorial collection. Continuing: Caricature paintings of famous late 19th-century personages. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri. 7:30 to 9 p.m.



George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms, and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). The Illinois Bell telephone exhibit featured in Jan. includes the history of the telephone, from the first to the latest, devices for testing voice and hearing and other electronic apparatus. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Wed., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Thu.-Sun., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

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ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **New exhibits:** from Jan. 10, drawings, paintings by Toulouse-Lautrec, east wing galleries. From Jan. 15, aerial perspective photographs by William Garnett, gallery 5, main floor. **Continuing:** through Jan. 29, a selection of woodcuts by Okumura Masanebu from the Clarence Buckingham collection, gallery H-5; etchings and lithographs by Matisse, Chagall, Rouault and others from the Joseph K. Shapiro collection, gallery 11; drawings and prints by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, Sutherland, Ensor, Kirchner, Miro and Braque from the Curt Valentin bequest to the institute, galleries 13 and 16; recent works of Rico Lebrun, gallery of art interpretation. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free, Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol. **Gertrude Abercrombie**, paintings. Through Jan., Chess house, 111 e. Oak (DE 7-2466). Mon.-Thu. 11:30 a.m. to midnight; Fri. & Sat., until 1 a.m.

Joseph Cornell, constructions. Through Jan., Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Institute of Design, second annual Chicago area industrial design exhibition. Jan. 16-27, Architecture-Design building, Illinois Institute of Technology, 10 w. 34th (CA 5-9600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. until noon.

Stanley Mitruk, paintings. Through Jan., Charles Feingarten gallery, 58 e. Walton (MO 4-0917). Daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

F. J. Oehlschlaeger gallery, an exhibition of American artists with works of Jon Corbiro, Iver Rose, Louis Bosa, Aaron Bohrod and others. Through Jan., 107 e. Oak (SU 7-6779). Daily, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. **Dorothy Strantz**, paintings; **Godfrey Lundberg**, photographs; ceramics by **Alix and Warren MacKenzie**, **Carey Orr**, cartoons. Through Jan., Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State, 8th floor (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Mon.-Fri., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.; Sat. until 6 p.m.

Contemporary French paintings, with works by Bonnard, Vlaminck, Utrillo, Braque, Clave, Carzou and Buffet. Through Jan., Marshall Field galleries, 111 n. State, 2nd floor Webash (ST 1-1000, ext. 2213). Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. until 5:45 p.m.

Hull House student work, annual exhibit of paintings. Benedict art gallery, 800 s. Halsted (MO 6-6005). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Matisse, Modigliani, Braque and other European painters. Through Jan., Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. until 6 p.m.

SPORTS

college basketball

De Paul, De Paul univ. gymnasium, 2219 Sheffield (DI 8-4340). **Jan.: 3**, Illinois State Normal; **14**, Bradley (Chicago stadium); **30**, Lawrence Tech. 8 p.m.

Loyola, Loyola univ. fieldhouse, 6525 Sheridan (BR 4-3000). **Jan.: 3**, South Dakota State; **7**, Drake university; **28**, Eastern Kentucky. 8 p.m.

Northwestern, McGaw fieldhouse, Central

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93 Years



232 S. Michigan — 185 W. Madison

, Evanston (UN 4-1900). Jan.: 14, Mich-
an: 30, Purdue. 8 p.m.

pro hockey

Black Hawks, Chicago stadium, 1800 Mad-
son (SE 3-5300). Jan.: 20, Boston; 22, Mon-
real; 27, Detroit; 29, New York. 8:30 p.m.

indoor polo

Indoor Polo league, Chicago avenue ar-
tory, 232 e. Chicago (ST 2-2919). Double-
header every Sat., 8:30 p.m.

ski trips

Sheltered Valley, Three Lakes, Wisconsin.
Northwestern railroad (DE 2-2121 ext. 221).
Dec. 30-Jan. 3; Jan. 27-29.

St. Telemark, Cable, Wisconsin. North-
western railroad (DE 2-2121 ext. 221). Dec.
30-Jan. 3; Jan. 13-15; Jan. 20-22. Soo line
railroad (AN 3-5940). Dec. 30-Jan. 3.

Iron Mountain, Iron Mountain, Michigan.
Northwestern railroad (DE 2-2121 ext. 221).
Dec. 30-Jan. 3; Jan. 13-15; Jan. 27-29. Mil-
waukee railroad (CE 6-7600 ext. 528). Dec.
30-Jan. 2.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Goodman Memorial Children's theater,
Monroe st. & Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337).
The Three Bears," weekend performances
Sat., 2:30, Sun., 3 p.m. beginning Jan. 7
no performance Jan. 8). Extra performance
0:30 a.m., Jan. 28.

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra
Hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0362). **Young
people's concerts**, Tues., 3 p.m., George
Kuyper, cond., Jan. 3 & 31. Theme: "Mozart's
birthday Party," an all-Mozart program,
with narration by George Kuyper, of "The
Impressario," a one-act comic opera in
English. Soloist, Richard Sano, 15-year-old
pianist: allegro from "Coronation." Or-
chestra program: finale from Symphony
#35, ("Hafner"); minuet from "Diverti-
mento #17; "Sleigh Ride"; and "Turkish
March."

museums

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North
MI 2-4600). Slide-talk, film and object dem-
onstration programs on Chicago and Amer-
ican history. **Museum mornings**, Sat., 10
a.m., Jan. 7 & 14: "Chicago Giants," about
men and women who helped shape the
city's destiny; with color film, "The Big
Track" and cartoon. **Week Day assemblies**,
Wed., 10 a.m. for teachers with classes,
Jan. 11: "Americans on the Move," with
color film, "Fur Trappers Westward."

Natural History museum, Roosevelt rd. &
Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). January Jour-
ney for Museum Travelers, "Toys Always
and Everywhere." Guided by instruction
sheets, children "travel" to exhibits which
include a 5000-year-old pull-toy, whistles,
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Died Vienna, 1791

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Further, the 1956 Salzburg Mozart Festival will be heard over WFMT as it was recorded on high-fidelity tapes during performances at Mozart's birthplace in Salzburg, Austria.

All of the programs presented as part of WFMT's Mozart Bi-Centennial Anniversary Celebration will be scheduled in future issues of the WFMT Program Guide. The WFMT Program Guide is a handsome publication which includes times and dates for the five hundred works of serious music, drama, discussion and poetry which WFMT broadcasts each month at 98.7 FM. It also contains a Fine Arts Calendar that is a complete listing of cultural activities in Chicago.

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libraries

Chicago Public library, Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). **The Children's Hour**, one-hour weekly programs exploring the world through films, recordings and storytelling. Sat., 2:15 p.m. **Jan. 14**, stories: "Why Cowboys Sing in Texas" and "Pecos Bill"; film, "The American Cowboy." **Jan. 21**, story: "To Think that I Saw It on Mulberry st."; film, "The Elephant and Circus Day in our Town." **Jan. 28**, stories: "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and "Peter and the Wolf"; film, "Instruments of the Orchestra." Free tickets are available one week in advance in the Thomas Hughes room.

Branch libraries hold story hours weekly for children; consult branches for schedules.

Special service for children confined to bed for long periods: a ceiling projector, available from the Central library, which projects books (on film) to wall or ceiling for easy reading from a reclining position.

parks

swimming

Park District indoor swimming-club championship meets begin Sat., **Jan. 21**, 2 p.m., at Blackhawk park, 2318 n. Lavergne. Competition includes back, breast and free stroke in seven classifications: Boys—midget, 11 and under; jr., 12-13; intermed., 14-15; sr., 16 and over. Girls—midget, 12 and under; jr., 13-14; sr., 15 and over.

wrestling

City-wide novice wrestling championships for boys 17 and under. Fri., Jan. 27, 6:30 p.m., McKinley park, 39th & Western.

recreation centers

Registrations reopen in January for the school recreation centers operated by the Board of Education as the "Lighted Schoolhouse" program. Activities, which are open to all children regardless of school affiliation, vary according to the needs of each community and include sports, dancing, games, dramatics, choral groups, arts and crafts. Elementary centers have classes after school, evenings and Sat. mornings; high school centers hold Fri. night dances and some additional activities geared to teen-age interests. For schedules and information phone Francis B. McKeag, Director of Recreation centers, DE 2-7801.

NIGHT LIFE

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666) Songs and Gallic charm from Robert Clary lucky Pierre of "New Faces." 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch \$.95-\$2.50; dinner \$2.95-\$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). "Calypso Magic" imports the talents of The Duke of Iron, Montego Joe, Lady Bermudianna Rivera, Picon and Lady Rena. Through

Jan. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2 a.m. Food a la carte.

Boulevard room. Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). A new ice show called "Iceorama" runs through Jan. Open from 6:30 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun. mat., 4 p.m. Dinner from \$3.25. \$2 cover.

The Buttery. Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant for 17 years, with dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. \$3 min. Fri. & Sat.

Camelia house. Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.75-\$2.50; dinner \$5-\$6.

Chez Paree. 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Joe E. Lewis and The Mary Kaye trio are followed on Jan. 17 by Sam Levenson of the just-plain-folks set. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner \$3.50-\$4.75; \$5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show, dancing and Jack Eigen.

College Inn Porterhouse. Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining in western style; music is by Frank York, his fiddle and orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1.65-\$1.95; dinner \$4.50-\$6.75.

Compass. at the Dock, 5473 Lake Park (FA 4-2800). Ad lib drama on topical scenarios is done by quick-witted entertainers. Regular shows are followed by improvisations on stories suggested by the audience. Shows at 9:15 Wed. & Thurs., 11:15 & 11:15 Fri. & Sat., 8:15 Sun. Folk singing from 9:15 on Tue. Open until 2 a.m. \$5.00 min. Fri. Sat., & Sun. Closed Mon. **Empire room.** Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). "The Continental Revue," which continues through Jan., has brought Ted Reno, a singer, from Rome, the dance team of Murio and Sheila from Paris and the acrobats of the Trio Ariston from Madrid. The show includes music by the Charlie Fisk orchestra and dances by the Empire Eight. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from \$4, \$2 cover. **Glass Hat.** Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" play a relentless two-beat for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from \$3.50.

Sister Kelly's. 1028 Rush (WH 3-2233). Roy Gral and Jackie Cain continue to play consistently good jazz here, as does Jimmy Bowman. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte. **Camp room.** Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out for celebrities and celebrity-watchers. David Winter's orchestra plays danceable music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. \$5.00 min. Fri. & Sat.

Swiss Chalet. Bismarck hotel, 171 Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and an Alpine decor. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3; dinner \$3.50-\$6.

DINING OUT

Sherhoff's. 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). For hearty appetites: corned beef and cabbage,



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A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch \$1-\$1.75; dinner \$2.45-\$3.40.

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace has a rolling rib cart, spinning salad bowl and personality waiters. Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.; Sun., 3:30 to 10 p.m. Dinner \$2.50-\$5.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & hol. Lunch \$1.35-\$1.65; dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.



Clipper room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food and German dishes in a tradition that dates back to the turn of the century. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sun. A la carte from \$1.55.

Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop in a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Continental Gourmet restaurant, 1508 e. 57th (PL 2-9355). Menu is limited to half a dozen entrees, with a new nationality dish every night. 4:30 to 10:30 p.m.; closed Mon. \$1.75-\$2.50.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5 8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing and other dishes all live up to their wide-spread fame. Mon.-Sat., 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.

Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A dark, quiet room for restrained dining. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.25.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food and generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3; dinner \$2.50-\$5.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An old-time restaurant devoted exclusively to sea food. Noon to 2 a.m. Dinner \$2-\$5.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whumps up other dishes on demand. Dinner \$3.25-\$6.

Vogue Tap Room & Grill, 3808 Broadway (DI 8-9089). A small, informal place that has good sirloins for \$2. Daily, 10 a.m. to 4 a.m.

jazz

The Beehive, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). This South Side jazz emporium has a "to be

announced" Jan. bill, but if former policy prevails a swinging contemporary group should be on hand. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Jam session by local musicians Mon.; closed Tue. \$50 cover.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Duke Ellington furnishes the big sounds on Jan. 1. The Oscar Peterson group comes in quietly on Jan. 4, with Carmen McCroe between sets. The big band of the impeccable Count Basie opens Jan. 18. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features soft drinks for teen-agers and occasional Monitor remote. Closed Mon. Tue. Food a la carte. \$3 min.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Lurlene Hunter of the swinging, unpretentious style alternates with Teddi King to form a fine vocal bill, Wed. through Sun. On Mon. and Tues. Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo play a happy, unchanging repertoire. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Jazz Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Bill Reinhardt's downstairs place is one of the last Dixieland strongholds. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Closed Sun. \$2 min.

Downbeat Room, 624 s. Michigan (WE 9-5129). Mambo has given way to jazz in this near-Loop spot where the King Fleming Four and Lee Barnes hold forth these days. Until 4 a.m., 5 a.m. on Sat. Closed Sun. Tue.-Thurs., \$1.50 cover, Fri. & Sat., \$2.

London House, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). The Ralph Sutton trio enters on Jan. 4 to play quality jazz. Music from 8:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Fri. & Sat. until 3:30 a.m. Steaks and chops are a house specialty here, with dinner from \$3.75. No cover or min.

Max Miller Scene, 2126 n. Clark (EA 7-8760). Improvisations by the piano man, proprietor in a small, whimsically decorated room where all drinks are \$1. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Offbeat Room, Condes restaurant, 1037 Granville (RO 1-3271). Ken Nordine reads "word jazz," poetry and suspense stories. Bob Gibson sings folk songs and the Fred Kaz trio plays jazz. Tue.-Sat., shows from 930. Dinner \$2.25. \$2 min.

TELEVISION

extravaganzas

Hall of Fame (3 p.m. Sun. Jan. 8, channe. 5). Maurice Evans presents a high level, 90 minute production. In color.

Producers Showcase (7 p.m. Mon. Jan. 9 ch. 5). Repeat of last season's popular and critical success, "Peter Pan," with Mary Martin. In color.

Star Jubilee (8:30 p.m. Sat. Jan. 14, ch. 2). Long, eminent presentation with big name talent. In color.

Spectacular (8 p.m. Sat. Jan. 21, ch. 5). Max Liebman production of "A Night in Venice." In color.

Producers Showcase (7 p.m. Mon. Jan. 30 ch. 5). Sol Hurok presents Marian Anderson, Artur Schnabel and Gregor Piatigorsky in "Music for Millions." In color.

drama

Top one hour play series: **Alcoa-Goodyea Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., ch. 5), **Matinee Theater** (2 p.m. week days, ch. 5), **Robert**

Montgomery Theater (8:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 5), **Studio One** (9 p.m. Mon., ch. 2), **Playwrights 56-Circle Theater** (8:30 p.m. Tue., ch. 5), **Kraft Theater** (8 p.m. Wed., ch. 5), **Steel Hour-20th Century-Fox Hour** (9 p.m. Wed., ch. 2), **Climax** (7:30 p.m. Thu., ch. 2), **Front Row Center** (3 p.m. Sun. starting Jan. 8, ch. 2).

comedy-variety-music

Opera Theater (3 p.m. Sun. Jan. 15, ch. 5). A two-hour presentation of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in an English version by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, in observance of the bicentennial of the composer's birth. In color.
Omnibus (4 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). The bouncing adult-culture bus of TV continues in high gear.



Ed Sullivan Show (7 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Dinner by a landslide, Reporter Ed sets a high level variety pace.
Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., ch. 7). Leaving the film repeats behind, Walt Disney celebrates the new year with the old (magical) touch.
Chicago Symphony (8 p.m. Wed., ch. 9). Chicago's best brings to TV the finest in music.
George Gobel Show (9 p.m. Sat., ch. 5). Not about to be dissuaded, the fey funny-man comes back with more.

news-documentary

Medical Horizons (8:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 7). Visits to medical centers, with an eye on discovery.
Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., ch. 2). The wise and the worldly come to you via Ed Murrow.
Wide Wide World (3 p.m. every other Sun., ch. 5). Threescore cameras prowl the electronically available globe.

for kids

Captain Kangaroo (8 a.m. week days ch. 2). A loveable old codger in a merry adventure house. Age: 2 to 8.
Mickey Mouse Club (5 p.m. week days, ch. 7). Mickey becomes young America's chief impresario. Age: 3 to 13.
Mr. Wizard (10:30 a.m. Sat., ch. 5). The finer things of science, explored in the finest way. Age: 8 to 14.
Talkaround (2 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Provocative, freewheeling discussions between early teen-agers and a teacher's teacher Katherine Copeland. For parents, too.

sports

Basketball (8 p.m. Mon., ch. 7). Michigan State-Illinois, Jan. 2; Wisconsin-Illinois, Jan. 9; Northwestern-Notre Dame, Jan. 16; Purdue-Northwestern, Jan. 30.
Tournament of Roses (11:15 a.m. Mon. Jan. 2, ch. 5). The Pasadena parade and the annual football classic. In color.
Orange Bowl (1 p.m. Mon. Jan. 2, ch. 2). The university teams from Oklahoma and Maryland meet in Miami.
Cotton Bowl (12:45 p.m. Mon. Jan. 2, ch. 5). From Dallas, the annual gridiron clash of the southwest.
Big Ten Basketball (2 p.m. Sat., ch. 2). Indiana-Wisconsin, Jan. 7; Purdue-Michigan State, Jan. 14; Iowa-Michigan, Jan. 21; Northwestern-Minnesota, Jan. 28.

channel 11

Totem Club (4:30 p.m. week days). Don Clayton in everything for the kids, from electric train repairs to visits at Brookfield zoo.
Friendly Giant (6:30 p.m. M-W-F). The best kiddy nightcap in town.
A Visit with Rudolph Ganz (8 p.m. Mon.). The veteran composer, pianist, and educator lets viewers into his musical world.
People Who Posed (9:30 p.m. Tue.). George Culler in an Art institute show.
Camera Club (8 p.m. Wed.). Al Levy and guests with tips for picture takers.
World in Focus (7 p.m. Thu.). The Council on Foreign Relations in a news in depth report.
The Humanities (9:30 p.m. Thu.). University of Chicago course in music, art, and literature.
Chicago Symphony Scrapbook (7 p.m. Fri.). George Kuyper introduces musicians and their instruments.
Eins Zwei Drei (7:30 p.m. Fri.). Elementary German course.
Introduction to Psychology (8 p.m. Fri.). De Paul university's course for credit.

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LOVE ACROSS THE CENTURIES

A certain lady English professor is married to a certain man English professor. When a friend remarked on the community of vocational interest they must have, the lady English teacher said, "Not really; I'm in 18th-century rhetorical analysis and he's in early Elizabethan drama."

IT IS WRITTEN

On the Wicker Park theater:
"Warm Inside."

QUICK COURSE IN CIVICS

A story being told around Hyde Park and meeting varying degrees of credulity concerns a high school teacher named Harry and the events which ensued when he drove the wrong way in a one-way street. After a squad car stopped him and a policeman pulled out his ticket book, the teacher pleaded that he was sorry, that he had become momentarily confused, that they both worked for the city, that anyone might make a foolish but honest mistake. He showed his driver's license, his board of education card and his VFW membership. He talked fast and much.

The cop listened, stony-faced. He understood all this, but Harry had broken the law and had a ticket coming. Gradually Harry acquired the impression that two dollars would settle everything. A short sharp struggle followed between his orientation toward good citizenship and his knowledge of how things are. Expediency won. When he extracted the two bills from

his wallet to hand to the cop, he turned his head so his eyes would not know what his hands were doing. The cop gestured, the teacher made a U-turn and drove away.

When Harry reached home, he checked his supply of cash. After counting and recollecting his expenditures, he realized that he was short, that he must have given the cop more than two singles. Well, he sighed, it was all experience, and he would drive up no more one-way streets.

Next day, a motorcycle policeman came to the high school and inquired around for a teacher of such a build and such a height. Thought his name was Harry.

Harry was summoned. The cop indicated that he wanted to talk privately. Off in a corner, he pulled two

tens from his pocket and whispered, "You gave me the wrong bills."

Harry took the two tens, gave the cop two singles, and, after a short argument, persuaded him to take an extra buck for his trouble.

LA SCALA ON THE SOUTH BRANCH

"With a \$500,000 budget, you could bring La Scala itself to Chicago," said one skeptical patron of music. The Lyric Theater wouldn't admit to any such budget for the season that ended last month at the Opera House, but its sunny—and unskeptical—publicity man, Danny Newman, doesn't mind hailing the company as "La Scala on the Chicago River." For better or worse, he is on pretty firm ground. Of the 14 operas offered during the five-week season, all but two were Italian. More than half the principal roles in the season's performances were sung by stars of La Scala. The sets for the opening opera, *I Puritani*, were imported on a lend-lease basis from Milan, where they had been painted for a performance in Rome. Six performances were staged by a director who spoke only Italian. Ten were conducted by the elder statesman of Italy's opera world, Tullio Serafin.

For the first two weeks of the season, Dressing Room Number One at the Opera House served both of La Scala's leading sopranos, Maria Meneghini-Callas and Renata Tebaldi. (The prospect of an explosive meeting between the two divas was intriguing, but rehearsal and performance schedules worked out neatly so that their paths never crossed. The *Tribune* carried a column item one



day that Tebaldi, Callas, and Rudolf Bing of the Metropolitan Opera had been seen lunching at the Cameo. When Tebaldi's secretary was asked if such a thing was probable, she replied, "It is not only not probable, it is not possible." The item was dropped after one edition.)

However explosive the Italian invasion, it was, at the same time, a demonstration of tourists making themselves quietly at home. Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Tito Gobbi and Giu-

seppo di Stefano lived with their wives at 40 east Oak and took turns inviting each other to big, home-cooked Italian dinners. Away from the apartment, they and their colleagues found a gathering place at the Italian Village on Monroe street. Rossi-Lemeni, and his father-in-law, Serafin, discovered the restaurant when they were in Chicago together three years ago, and they brought in their friends one by one, as they came to join the Lyric. The owner, Alfredo Capitanini, who was delighted and flattered to have them, set a special table for them each night after the performances. For some of the singers who spoke little or no English it became a homey refuge from the Babel outside. Carlo Bergonzi, the tenor, spent whole days there when he wasn't in rehearsal, and when it was thought he would be needed for the role of Pinkerton

in an added performance of *Butterfly*, Lyric officials didn't even bother to call his hotel—they simply rang up the Village. (As it happened, Bergonzi wasn't there, but a waitress supplied the information that he had gone to see "Cinerama" and would be back later.)

Di Stefano, although fluent in English, sometimes had lunch, dinner and after-opera supper at Capitanini's place. With him at the table would be Rossi-Lemeni, Serafin, Anita Cerquetti, Rosanna Carteri (easily the prettiest member of the company), Gobbi, Bergonzi, Ettore Bastianini, the expert *comprimario* tenor Mariano Caruso, and sometimes Mme. Callas. They always paid for what they ate and drank at the restaurant. "After all," Capitanini noted, "business is business." But when I have them to dinner at my home—that is different! Their tastes in food weren't finicky. Most of the singers liked a good steak (and little else) before a performance; afterward they ate more and fancier—chicken and veal, *baccala* (a kind of fish) for Rossi-Lemeni, *polenda* (a peasant pudding) for Gobbi. *Scallopine alla Tullio* Serafin took a place on Capitanini's menu because the conductor preferred his scallopine prepared with beef instead of the usual veal.

Not many of the company haunted the Village during the day. Gobbi spent every possible moment at the Art Institute with his wife, Matilda, and their 12-year-old daughter, Cecilia. A Sunday painter and photographer himself, Gobbi thought the Institute "the most exciting place in the world." His explorations there and his work at the Opera House left him no time for his camera or his drawing, although he was supposed to be sketching his impression of *Rigoletto* for a new record album. Rossi-Lemeni and his wife, Vittoria, walked west from their apartment and discovered the antique shops on north Clark street—"a thieves' market," the basso called it. They investigated every such shop within walking distance.

Tebaldi, who confesses to a great weakness for shopping, feasted her eyes on Michigan avenue and "wanted to buy everything" she saw for her new apartment in Milan. But moving about was difficult because her mother, Giuseppina, was travelling with her. "She is 68," said Tebaldi, with a sad little shake of her head. So Tebaldi, her mother, and her interpreter-companion, a vivid, dark-eyed Florentine named Linda Barone, kept to themselves most of the time. Occasionally, Tebaldi would lunch with someone from the Lyric office or from a record company; she would serve guests in her apartment at the Whitehall, or insist on picking up the check at the restaurant.

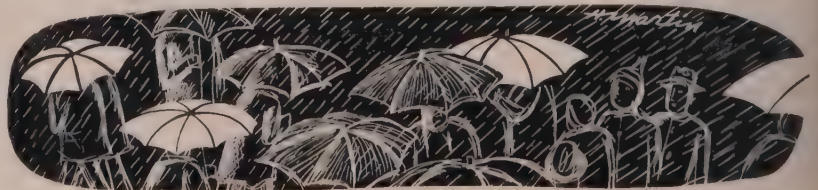
A different kind of shopper, Callas' most delightful discovery was the Woolworth's on north Michigan avenue. Stories of her closeness with money rival those about Jack Benny, and amuse even people who know that the singer grew up in the most dismal poverty in Brooklyn.

In contrast to the retiring Tebaldi, Callas surprised everyone by accepting all sorts of invitations to dinners and parties. She was accompanied everywhere by her husband, a wealthy building-materials dealer, Giovanni Battista Meneghini, whose English did not permit him to participate fully, but who seemed content to stand by blandly, only a bit wary when Callas' male admirers waxed ardent. (Backstage after one performance, Callas bestowed a kiss on the *American's* music critic, Roger Dettmer. Meneghini stepped forward suspiciously, then retreated as Callas hissed, "Titta! Un critico!")

AT THE Opera House, the Italian influx created less confusion than might have been expected. Non-Italian singers, such as Robert Weede, William Wilderman, Astrid Varnay, Jussi Bjorling and the rest, had long ago learned Italian as the universal language of opera houses. It was a little different with the chorus, recruited wholly in Chicago, especially when



seppo di Stefano lived with their wives at 40 east Oak and took turns inviting each other to big, home-cooked Italian dinners. Away from the apartment, they and their colleagues found a gathering place at the Italian Village on Monroe street. Rossi-Lemeni, and his father-in-law, Serafin, discovered the restaurant when they were in Chicago together three years ago, and they brought in their friends one by one, as they came to join the Lyric. The owner, Alfredo Capitanini, who was delighted and flattered to have them, set a special table for them each night after the performances. For some of the singers who spoke little or no English it became a homey refuge from the Babel outside. Carlo Bergonzi, the tenor, spent whole days there when he wasn't in rehearsal, and when it was thought he would be needed for the role of Pinkerton





Generally sunny diplomatic relations between Chicago and Milan were altered by unscheduled backstage epilogue to a performance of "Madama Butterfly." When given an invitation to a law suit brought by a man claiming to be her agent, Maria Callas improvised aria more strident than melodic. Process server Stanley Pringle didn't have to know Italian to experience the chagrin he radiates at left.

The woman certainly wasn't going to dispose of her little pet as if he were garbage, so she telephoned some Evanston friends and they invited her to bury the dog in their back yard. To get there, however, she had to take the CTA, and you hardly ever see people carrying dead dogs on the subway. The bereaved woman tied a pink ribbon around the dog's neck, wrapped him in a newspaper, and put him in a suitcase. She boarded the El looking, for the world, like a tourist.

Downtown she had to transfer from the subway to the elevated. As she climbed the stairs, a nice-looking young man offered to carry her bag. She thanked him, admitting that it was a bit heavy.

When they reached the El platform, a train arrived and the young man stepped back politely, allowing the lady to enter the car first. As the doors slid shut and the train pulled away, she looked back in time to see the young man run with her suitcase along the platform and down the steps.

HONEST MISTAKE

A commuter who was eating a salad in a Dearborn street restaurant suddenly bit into something hard. Thinking it might be a tooth and hoping it wasn't, he gingerly extracted the particle and discovered that it was a piece of glass.

Not wishing to cause a scene, he put the mineral ingredient on the table and pushed the salad away. But the sharp-eyed waitress noted his action, rushed over and asked if anything were wrong. The customer recounted his experience, whereupon she became very apologetic and flustered. She called the manager, and they both contemplated the salad in deep silence for a few minutes.

Then the manager mumbled an oath, whisked the salad away and disappeared into the kitchen. A few minutes later he returned with what looked like the same salad in the same bowl. He explained solemnly that the chef said the piece of glass should not have been there.

CAREFUL INDEED

Said an ad in the *Tribune* for the Careful Carpet Cleaning company: "Lack of improper rug cleaning can cut life as much as 50 per cent."

it came to putting on a *Puritani* or a *Boheme* under the direction of the monolingual Vassallo. Fortunately, such Lyric yeomen as the assistant conductor, George Lawner, and the chorus master, Michael Lepore, acted as interpreters when necessary. Vassallo began the first rehearsal on stage with the chorus by delivering a 20-minute lecture in the most elegant Italian, detailing the peculiar stylistic qualities of *Puritani* as distinguished from a run-of-the-mill *Boheme* or *Aida*. The chorus listened, fascinated but uncomprehending, till he was finished. Then Lepore stepped forward with a translation in his most high-flown Brooklynese. "Listen, kids," he explained, "He says this ain't like other operas—you gotta be always off the ground. So co-operate!" Afterward, Vassallo couldn't sing his praises of the chorus loudly enough; none of his Italian choruses was ever so flexible or so eager to do what he asked.

Nothing pleased the Lyric's Carol Fox and Lawrence Kelly more than to hear that their somewhat delicate imports were thriving and happy. "The happier they are," they said,

"the better they sing." They did everything they could to make life simple and easy for the singers in this strange land. Some arrived alone at the airport, with little money (and none they understood), no language, no idea where to look for their luggage, no notion which way it was to Chicago or how to ask to get there. Danny Newman was usually elected to meet them. He would survey the stream of deplaning passengers, identify his mission from a photograph, and approach with a simple unequivocal, "Mme. Cerquetti—Lyric Theater?" Happily, a smile is the universal language of airline terminals.

NON-SHAGGY DOG STORY

A schoolteacher and former Girl Scout from Naperville insists that this really happened. An Englewood woman was faced with a dilemma when her fox terrier died last Fourth of July. She telephoned a dog pound and was told that it was inoperative on the holiday. She was also warned that it was illegal to bury the dog within the city limits.

A WINTER NIGHT AT THE PARK

Skaters tumbled about on the Marquette park pond. Boys playing "I got it" scurried among the more sedate and then whooped through the girls, who were deliciously frightened.

Mervyn Ward tapped the glass of the fieldhouse door and said he liked to see the kids enjoying themselves but they better stay the heck out of his fieldhouse with their ice skates. As caretaker, Ward had charge of closing up at ten, or later if the Young Women's club was late with its refreshments.

A frosted glass door opened and a Young Woman approached Ward nervously. "Have you seen my speaker? He hasn't come yet." Her face twitched and she gnawed her lower lip. "He's Mr. Brewster and he's from Fire Prevention Week. Will you tell him where we are as soon as he comes in?"

Ward promised he would send Mr. Brewster in. He looked at his watch as she returned to the meeting. "Nine-

thirty now and the guy isn't even here yet."

Ward discussed his other duties.

"Cleaned the floor of the auditorium in there this morning. Waxed it, but it was a real job. Had the square dancers in last night and they get heel marks a yard long on the floor. Wish we could get some ballet dancers instead o' them clompin' square dancers." He swept a hand through his stiff brown hair.

A door with a sign on it—"Drama Class"—flew open and a high-school girl with freckles ran up. "There's a mouse in there."

"I know it. Got lots of 'em around here."

She backed off in terror and disappeared. Her high-pitched voice related Ward's observation to the drama class.

"And then," Ward resumed, "I see that the people get into the different places. Gym, ceramics, singing and so forth. And I have to keep order in the gym."

"You have to keep a firm hand. Nine-thirty quit means nine-thirty

quit. Gives 'em time to get a shower if they want and be out by ten. Give 'em nine-thirty-five and the next time it's nine-forty. Anyhow, I got my practice in a tough league. I've been here only a couple years. Before that I was at Armour park at 33rd and Shields for 19 years. There's a tough neighborhood.

"I remember my first night there. Some of the kids were doing some weight lifting. It came time to close so I said 'time's up.' They laughed—I'm not very big, as you see. So I picked up a ten-pound bar bell weight and I said, 'The guy that isn't off this floor in two minutes gets this in the teeth and then I call the cops.' I guess I bluffed 'em.

"From then on they all liked me, well enough, anyway, so's I could stay in one piece. But I started a queer nighttime sport there. Those kids loved to fight. When I'd be through for the night and lockin' up, some of 'em would come up and say, 'we better walk you to the Wentworth car, you might be jumped on.'

"Well, it was just an excuse for another bunch to come swarmin' out of an alley and tangle with these kids. I'd just walk on alone to the street-car. Two nights later the other kids would come for me and then the first bunch would jump them. You oughta seen them fight. But I wasn't touched in 19 years."

The outer door opened and in stepped a man with a dark Homburg and an overcoat with a velvet collar and a handkerchief in the pocket. He looked about inquiringly.

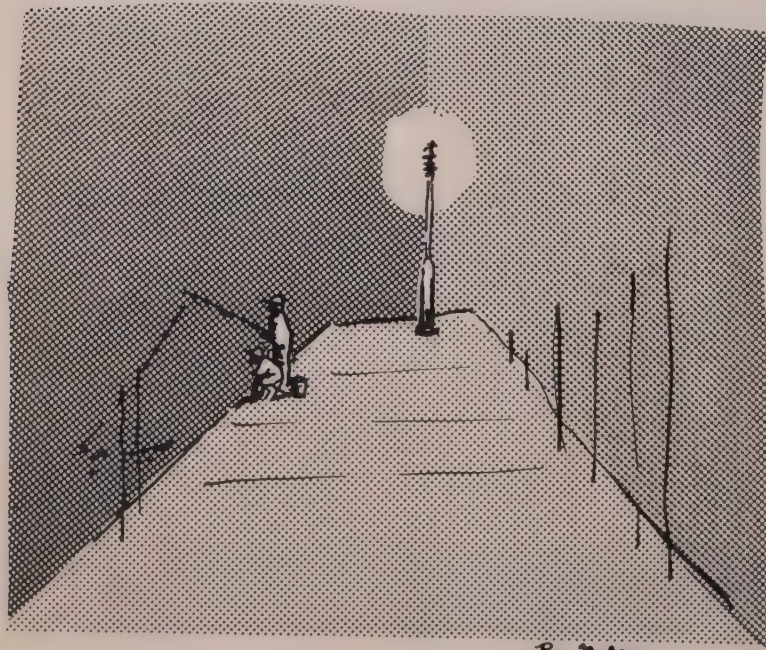
"In there." Ward pointed to the frosted glass door.

The man opened it. The Young Women twittered their greetings.

"I can tell these ladies' club speakers a mile away on a foggy night," said Ward.

MAYBE SHE WAS

A stout, middle-aged lady who looked like she was raising a lot of kids on a little money stood in line at the Catholic Salvage Bureau waiting to pay for her purchases. Ahead of her another customer carried a dress form that had belonged to a slender woman. The working-class matriarch glanced at the inanimate torso and said, more casually than wistfully, "I wish I was built like that."



Ray Nelson

Picture credits: pp. 17-18, Henry Martin; p. 19, Wide World; p. 20, Ray Nelson.

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Recently, WMAQ and its ubiquitous tape artist, Len O'Connor, partly shocked and partly sobered a city by doing the obvious: to get the lowdown on juvenile crime, they collected the words and the views of the outstanding authorities on the subject, the young criminals themselves. The resulting series of taped broadcasts, "They Talked to a Stranger," should not disappear into the air waves. It is a document for a city—and a civilized society—to ponder.



THE YOUNG CRIMINALS

talk to a stranger



by Len O'Connor

It is self-evident from the teeming populations of our jails, and from what might be called a degree of wear on the block seat of electric chairs, that considerable numbers of today's children become tomorrow's criminals. It is disconcerting in an age about to produce motor cars by press of a button that we cannot find a button to control the teen-age boy.

A veteran criminal of 18 years cried out against the monotony of our genius: "You can build a plane that will go a thousand miles an hour and you can't straighten out even one boy!"

My personal view is that we worked harder on the plane.

"THEY TALKED TO A STRANGER" was so named for a pleasingly poetic reason: when we sought help in establishing contact with major criminals of the juvenile division, we were told repeatedly, "Oh, they will *never* talk to a stranger." When these contact people said *never* they meant *never*, and it was a matter of personal pleasure, eventually, to prove the contact people were wrong. Indeed, had they been right, we would have ended with no title on the cup and nothing in the cup because juvenile crime is a rare thing in that juvenile criminals are the only experts in the field whose testimony is of any significance.

It is exceedingly difficult to solicit confession from a criminal of tender years who does not know you, who does not like sitting with you and who has faith neither in you nor the things that he thinks you represent. You are seeking a share of something he has very little of: truth. You cannot convert him with coin of the realm. Though he may be stone-broke, he has had days when he made more money than you ever made in your best day. He does not have the same regard for it that you have and a proposal to buy his story holds no great attraction for him. (Aside from minor gratuities casually offered when the tape was done and the two of us sat there looking at each other, smoking a cigarette, breaking the spell that endured through an hour or two—aside from this, there was no payment. Had we contracted for interviews at radio union scale, we would have recorded fiction. We got plenty of that, as it was, for free, all of which I sought to whittle away in editing the tape.)

I am not at liberty to divulge the identities of the people who have put us in touch with our subjects. It would be embarrassing to some of them and it would in many cases identify the subject and thus violate

our promise to those who talked that we would protect their anonymity insofar as it was possible. (The head of one institution, criticized by the juvenile criminals, told us rather heatedly, after our series was concluded, that he knew positively the identity of one boy, gave us his name, and told us he was a psychopath and totally unreliable. It was interesting that the man was wrong in his identification, although we did not tell him so.)

People ask, "Where did you talk to the boys?" Largely for the reasons cited above, no answer can be provided for that, other than to say that sometimes it was in a police station, sometimes in a penal institution, sometimes in dark and sour places that the subject insisted upon as the point of rendezvous. In all cases, save one, they were private conferences. When it was firmly stipulated that you come at night to a strange and deserted place, you knew without being told that the subject would ease you as you approached and entered, and that you would have to travel the road alone or the bird would be off the roost when you got there. In the one case where privacy did not prevail, we elicited from a 16-year-old boy a detailed account of how he shot and fatally wounded a policeman. The boy had just been captured and a considerable number of police officials and newspapermen stood by silently as he recounted in a dejected whine the chronology of eight years in crime, building in gravity to this imminent trial for murder. It was a suitably complete story. John Reed of Chicago, a nationally known polygraph expert, told me later that the authorities had made an appointment to put this boy on Reed's "lie box" but cancelled it after listening to the boy's confession on tape. "You cost me a customer," Mr. Reed said. A prominent attorney who heard the confession was offended and complained, "You put that boy in the electric chair. You put the gun in his hand and had him waiting there for 30 minutes for a showdown with an unarmed cop." Perhaps the confession that we elicited would put an attorney to disadvantage in a court of law, handicap the defense in the legalistics of a murder trial, but picking up the gun was a voluntary thing and the policeman who was shot was at the gate of death from his belly wounds at the very moment that the story was being told.

Comments have been made that charity was lacking in our interrogation of the boys who talked. The boys did not think so, and had we been able to present every bit of the magnetic tape, the pattern of interrogation would have been clear to the critical.

It would have been absurd to restrict oneself to formal diplomatic language in conversations like these. And if at times I put on the pressure and virtually charged the boy with lying, it was not to humiliate him but to strengthen his interest in truth as I led him slowly toward the things I felt were important.

We did not tell the public everything in "They Talked to a Stranger." The obscene things and the profanity were eliminated in the editing. We also eliminated the names of third persons, (although we did preserve the identity and a recital of the operating procedures of Mr. Arthur (Fish) Johnston, the nation's most noted receiver of stolen goods. Mr. Johnston is a Federal prisoner, but he has a future and conceivably might be grateful for the free advertising). Lastly, we checked the tapes with exceeding care for incriminating remarks, inadvertently confessed; it was not our concern to build criminal cases against these people.

We were interested solely in young boys who had served time for serious crimes. Stealing cars, rape, burglary, armed robbery, gang killings; serious matters. The subjects fall into the 18-, 19-, and 20-year-old age bracket because their early teen years were spent in custody. A 14-, 15-, or 16-year-old delinquent either has not committed a grave crime or has not got caught, and we found it useless to interrogate those who had not been firmly fixed in serious offenses.

I FEAR FOR THE FUTURE of the ten boys who talked to a stranger. Seven of the ten professed piously that henceforth they would be legit, but one of them is already back in custody and there is much blood and trouble to be mixed into the lives of all ten before they are forgotten and dead.

These boys are not fascinated by the success of bank presidents or industrial magnates. Their measure of success is a perfumed roughneck in a Duro jacket and a white Borsalino hat, who owns a 1956 Olds convertible, paid for in cash, who has served time and who has come back to the neighborhood in testament of the gospel that only suckers work. You can keep your man in the Brooks Brothers shirt as far as they're concerned. Their idol stands elegantly in forty-dollar shoes on a curbing of the ghetto, flicking cigarette butts contemptuously into the gutter opposite.

This is the goal toward which a boy who has slipped may strive. Hard-working citizens, with or without Brooks Brothers shirts, are invited to think about it.

From 35 hours of taped conversation with the young criminals, O'Connor brewed four hours of listening which bristled with familiar phrases bearing strange and jagged meanings. Distilled here from these four hours are some excerpts from the thoughts of young criminals. (The words in italics are O'Connor's.)

A 19-year-old parolee from Sheridan Reformatory discusses some of the social contacts he made there.

So we got sent up.

Sent up where?

To Sheridan.

How long ago was this?

1950.

Five years ago.

Yeah.

You were fourteen.

Yeah.

Sent up for burglary when you were 14?

That's right. There's kids up there 12 and 13 years old.

How long were you there?

Four and a half years.

Four and a half.

Yeah.

You haven't been out long.

No, I haven't been out too long.

Would you say now—I want you to be honest—I'm not saying this to you, but about all the kids out at Sheridan. Would you say now that Sheridan and St. Charles and all these reformatories are schools of crime?

Now, be honest.

Well—do they learn things there?

Yeah.

Sure they learn 'em there.

What do they learn?

They learn everything there is to learn.

What is there to learn?

Mostly every crime you could think of.

Well, how do they learn?

Somebody else will tell them how they pull their jobs. They're always bragging about it. I mean there's ways they can show them as far as that goes.

Is this out in the yard?

It's all over.

Is it constant?

No, it ain't constant. They just like to brag. I mean, they don't learn there. They just hear what the other fellow's doing. Then these people on the outside get the wrong impression that the places on the inside are bad. There's nothing wrong with them places. I think they help you.

But don't they talk to each other about how to pull a particular job?

What's wrong with that?

Don't they teach each other how to go into a currency exchange—how to

go into a gas station—how to go into a—

That don't make institutions like that bad. I mean, just because they're telling somebody else what to do, it isn't supposed to throw any blame on the institution.

I'm not trying to blame the institution. I'm trying to get to the bottom of this informal schooling of junior criminals. That's what it amounts to—I mean, be honest, that's what it is.

There are boys in the Sheridan Reformatory that are—that if I had anything to do with it—they never would be there. There aren't—like there is murderers there. They're the nicest kids I ever met.

Murderers?

That's right, murderers.

Why do you say that they're the nicest kids you ever met?

They just act that way. I know 'em. I've lived with 'em for four and a half years.

But they killed somebody.

So what? They were mad when they did it. If somebody loses their mind, you don't blame 'em for it. It's just that they won't give 'em a chance. They send 'em up for long terms. Well, that kid's forgotten about. He was 13-14 years old when he went in, and what the hell, he's going to have a grudge all the rest of his life.

What's going to happen when he comes out?

He's going to have a grudge.

Is he going to kill somebody else?

Not necessarily. I wouldn't say that he's going to turn good though. There's too many kids out there that don't belong there.

But you know kids out at Sheridan that—I'll agree with you that there are a lot of kids out there that don't belong there. I believe that absolutely. And I believe that that's what we're trying to find out right here. We're trying to find a solution. Don't you understand what I'm doing here? I'm not trying to argue with you or fight with you or anything else. I'm not trying to blame you or any of them. I'm trying to get some kind of a direction out of all this by talking to you kids so that these social agencies can have something to do, besides just, you know, passing out



cigarettes to you, or something. There must be some answer to this. Don't you understand that?

Well, what I think about social workers ain't too hot. I had 'em before, and I just don't think they're any good. They'll give you one chance, maybe two chances, then, if you foul up then, they won't give you another one. They figure—well, he's just no damn good. Well, that's what happened to most of those kids out there. They just never gave 'em a chance. They were never really around them.

They see 'em maybe once or twice a month, and—well, they know all about the kid. They don't know nothing about 'em! He's bad—if he done one thing wrong in his life, he's bad. He's marked, in other words. Every kid that's out at Sheridan is marked.

But that's what I say. He gets this training out there, and he comes out, and he's got his mark against him, and all he knows is what he's been told—about this gun, and how to go into this place, and—

But they got trades out there.

I know. But he's told these other things, and that's easier, isn't it? Because he's marked, isn't it?

Sure. That's where people should help him when he gets out. People been helping me all along since I been out. They've been actually helping me, and I think it's done me some good.

That's the only way to make it.

Sure it is. It has to be. There is no other way. Nobody's going to look after you. If you don't look after yourself and have somebody to help you, you ain't going to get nowhere. You can't always leave it up to your folks. Sometimes what they think is right is wrong, and what they think is wrong is right. They just don't see your point of view sometimes.

This boy in the Sheridan Reformatory says he hates like hell to work, doesn't quite know what he'll do when he gets out.

You think they're so busy taking care of this vast number of guys that—

They're neglecting the purpose of it—you know what I mean—To get 'em down to it so that they reform. They don't reform 'em. Like you take a guy now he gets picked up for burglary now. Say he's 19—they'll take him; they'll put him in the County jail. He'll be in the County jail for three months, and he'll go to court—maybe they'll give him two years probation. And he goes home, and he reports every three months to the probation officer, so that's the end of it—see what I mean?—How's he going to reform him like that?

What do you think about the guys

who are at Sheridan, the guys who are in Bridewell, the guys at County jail, the guys at Stateville—Are they much different, in your opinion, from the guys outside who are not in here, of the same age brackets?

Well, I—There're different ways. They got a different outlook on life. When a guy gets sent to the reformatory, I mean, when he gets out he's bitter, you know, sort of mad at the world, you know. These other guys sort of lead a natural life, you know, but he's mad, you know, because they sent him away for that long, you know, took him away from his family and all that. When I got out, I mean, I was fairly bitter, you know, at the whole world, just about.

How will you be when you get out this time?

Well, I don't know. I hate to work, I mean, I hate like hell to work, I mean. Then when you don't work, you ain't got no money, and then you start thinking about stealing, but now I got to look back on all three years in the reformatory, maybe seven or eight years in jail altogether for stealing, you know, so it sort of scares you. Right now, I don't know. I seem to be doing okay in here. I mean, I'm doing my time, and that's all you can do is do your time.

A young alumnus of Sheridan Reformatory talks about Fish Johnston, an amazing entrepreneur of his acquaintance.

Look what Fish was doing. Fish had a regular legitimate racket going.

Yes, he did. And when they raided that place, Fish Johnston hopped out. Was that at Milwaukee avenue at the time?

That's who we were dealing with. You were dealing with Fish. Selling to him.

Yeah, and I seen many a cop catch a payoff there too. Many a cop.

Well, it was pretty hard to hide a big operation like that.

Oh, well, he was wide open. There was no hiding it.

And then he had a place up at Seminary. That was his salesroom—

That was his home.

He sold right out of it, didn't he?

Yeah, he sold right out of there. Then he had his warehouse on Milwaukee. I think he had a lot of goods there.

Everything. Golf clubs—

Gee, yeah, what did they total to? Something like three million.

A quarter of a million dollars worth over at 11th and State.

That's what they took in. But they figure that he had three million dollars worth of stuff. Boy, that's really going into it.

And that was his only rate, eh? A third—on everything. Golf clubs, jewelry—

Anything. Anything that can sell. I mean, if you get something that can sell.

Well, now, let's go one step further on that. If you get to know a fence like Fish Johnston and you can dump the stuff to him—How can he dump the stuff? He's not Marshall Field's—Sears Roebuck.

He sells the stuff. He's got stores.

And the only way he can sell the stuff is to cut the price, is that right?

You cut the price and pay the coppers off. The coppers know what's going on. They ain't kidding nobody.

Do you think there's any coppers walking around in Fish Johnston's clothes?

(laughs) Oh yeah. That I'm positive of.

Why are you so positive?

Well, I seen him give suits away.

And still he didn't quite make it. He got caught. Now why did he get caught? There must be some honest coppers.

Well, the FBI boys got him.

No. It was the Chicago guys that got him.

Well, the FBI boys had something to do with it, too. He brought something across the state line that he



illustrations by Seymour Rosofsky

wasn't supposed to.

Well, do you think that somebody hollered on Johnston?

I think that somebody pulled something off on him. He didn't co-operate with someone or something, and they just put the clamps on him.

He had to have a lot of people working for him.

Oh, yeah. He had to have a lot of people.

Did you work for him?

Oh, no. We just got rid of our stuff there.

Well, tell me—Supposing you had—What was the biggest package of stuff you ever brought to him?

I remember that very clearly. It was a semi-and-a-half of stuff we brought to him.

A semi-and-a-half?

Yeah.

In other words you couldn't get it all on a semi.

No.

What kind of stuff was it?

Televisions, radios, ice-boxes—

Where'd you get it—steal a truck-load or what?

No, we went into a furniture store. Big, four-story, furniture store.

Now, when you had all that stuff, could you contact these people in advance or could you just drive up—

He knew what was coming in.

Did he tell you what time to get there?

Well, you don't come at any certain hour. They just figure what time you'll be there, and then they quote you the price—You tell 'em what you're going to try and take and they quote you the price. You see if you bring it in big quantities like that, you get a better price. Sometimes if you bring real good stuff, you might almost get a half of the regular price.

You mean they quote you a price before you even go out to pull the burglary?

Yeah, you tell them what you're bringing. You see, sometimes Fish doesn't want some of the stuff. He's got too much of one thing, and they don't want it. He's overloaded. He wants something that's going to make money for him too. See? I mean those boys can't afford to—if you own a store, you see, you buy a few things and put 'em in the corner for a present for the future. But they can't afford that. They have to tell you moving all the time. So he'll tell you like—you say I'm going to bring in a hundred Zenith radios. No. I've got a hundred already, you'd better bring something else, and he'll tell you what he needs.

But this is in advance of the job.

Yeah.

So, when you go into the store,



you don't want a hundred Zenith radios, you want something else.

No, we know what we're going to take when we go in there.

And you know what the price is.

Yeah.

Well, how do you hide this stuff until you get it over to him?

Oh, we had a truck. We had two trucks later.

Working for you, eh?

Yeah. Well, this clique I worked for, was a pretty big clique, for a while, until somebody goofed up—just about like they did with Fish, see? Got nailed for some penny-ante thing, and started squawking his head off, and everybody got busted for him.

A 16-year-old wound up killing a cop. Here he discusses how he started.

What was the first time you've ever gotten into trouble?

About four or five years ago.

What did you do? How did you get into trouble?

Burglary.

What did you burglarize?

A house.

What did you get?

A watch, radio.

What did you do with it?

Nothing. I got caught with it.

And then what happened to you?

Then I got arrested for curfew, fighting, a few other things.

How far did you get in school?

My second year high.

Did you quit, or did they throw you out, or what?

I—I got kicked out of Touhy, and I went to Montefiore. Then when I got out of St. Charles, I quit school.

When did you go to St. Charles?

Last year.

What for?

For burglary and running away from home.

And you got out of St. Charles after how much time?

I was there about eight months.

Is that a pretty good school for someone with inclinations like you? Can you learn things there?

Yeah, you can. Nice place.

What do they talk about at St. Charles?

This and that—about everything. You mean, what do the guys talk about at St. Charles?

Yeah.

Oh, they talk about things that they got, things they did, just talk.

Do they talk about how to get into a currency exchange? How to steal a car?

You talk to a car thief, you can find out how to steal a car. You talk to a burglar, you find out how to be a burglar.

And does everybody talk to everybody about—

About everything.

Everything. Do they plan big jobs out there, just little jobs, or what?

Oh, you're out there, some of the guys they act big, they talk about the big jobs they pulled, the big jobs they're going to pull, it doesn't amount to anything.

Well, you got out. You got out of St. Charles after eight months with all this education. And then what happened to you?

Then I got busted out two months later for an assault.

You mean you clouted somebody?

I was with some guys. We got in a fight with some other guy. He got his head fractured or something. I don't know.

You mean a bunch of you guys knocked off one guy?

There were three of us and one of them.

Three beats one, doesn't it?

Yeah.

So then you went where?
 After the assault I was put in the juvenile home for five weeks.
 And you learned things there too?
 Yeah. If you want to learn that kind of stuff I suppose so. Then I went to court. They sent me back to St. Charles, and I went over the wall.
 And where have you been living the past three weeks?
 I got an apartment over on the north side.
 You're sixteen—you got an apartment?
 Yes.
 How did you pay the rent?
 Oh, I got money.
 Where did you get the money?
 I got some money from home, and then I got money in the burglaries.
 How many burglaries?
 Three—four.
 Then they grabbed you at what time on July the fourth?
 At five o'clock in the morning.
 Where was this?
 At Concord and Leavitt.
 So they brought you over here to 32, is that right—to this station?
 Yeah.
 And you were the only one in the lockup—is that right?
 Well, no. When they first brought me in here, there were about five of us.
 Did they ask you what they grabbed you for?
 Yeah.
 Did you tell them?
 Well, sure.
 And then in the evening, you were alone in the lockup, is that right?
 The next evening, it was. Yeah.
 You were in a cell, right?
 That's right.
 How'd you get out of the cell?
 The cell door was open.
 It was open?
 That's right. I was in the runway.
 I broke the screen on the other door, and opened it up.
 What about the gun?
 The gun was in the drawer.
 How did you know that?
 I didn't know it. I was looking through the drawers for the key to the other door.
 And what did you decide when you found the gun?
 I figured I'd make the turnkey let me out.
 He was not in the lockup?
 No, he wasn't in there right then.
 How long was it before he came back?
 About a half hour.
 And you waiting for him—?
 That's right.
 —The gun in your hand. A long time to think about this, eh?
 Yes, sir.

Were you ready to shoot it out if you had to?
 I didn't think I was. No.
 So he came back, and what happened?
 I told him to leave the door open, and he came for me.
 Did he see you had the gun?
 Yes, sir.
 How far did he have to come to go for you?
 About six feet.
 And what did he say to you?
 He told me I didn't want to shoot him.
 He said what?
 He said, "You don't want to shoot me, son."
 What did you say?
 I didn't say nothing. I just told him, "Don't come no closer."
 He came at you for the gun?
 That's right.
 How far was he away from you when you fired?
 About two feet. He grabbed ahold of the gun and I shot him. Then he grabbed ahold of me and I shot him again.
 Then what happened?
 He grabbed ahold of the gun. Then I let go of the gun and I ran out the door.
 You knew he was badly hurt?
 I didn't know—I figured he was.
 How do you feel now?
 I don't know. I feel—I'm scared, I guess.
 Do you want to go on the legit, or what?
 It's a little late for that now, ain't it?
 A youth takes frank issue with a fundamental precept of American society, the precept that crime does not pay.
 Well, now you're going to graduate. You're going to go right up the scale a little bit when you get out. You're going right back into the racket—Is that what you said?
 Well, the way I'm going to do it, is that it's going to be—not on the up-and-up—it's going to be crooked. But, all you need to do is talk to people and you can get what you want. There's people out there that's just waiting to give you money, you know. All you have to do is say a nice few words. And I figured that while I was in there—I was doing it on the street—I was talking to girls and that, you know. But I figure everybody knows now.
 What kind of girls?
 People that work in downtown, school girls, college girls, anything.
 They give you money.
 That's right . . . Some decent girls. Nice girls, that's all.
 But how would they give you mon-

ey? What could you possibly say that would make a girl who works for a living give you 20 dollars?
 Well, you know, when you get a girl to like you, she'll do mostly anything for you. And you just tell her times like—"I need some money for a shirt," and she'll give it to you.
 Don't you feel funny taking it?
 No, I don't feel funny. I ain't got no conscience. If I had, I wouldn't be out there burglarizing—
 Money is money.
 That's right.
 You actually are saying, if I get this right, that crime does pay? Is that what you're saying?
 That's right.
 What about all the people that said that crime does not pay?
 Well, if they—they ever been in crime, they don't. I mean if they're out there stealing nickels and dimes off paper stands, it don't pay them.
 Well, what did you really get out of it? How much did you get out of it?
 I—I was always having money in my pockets since I got out in June. I was forging checks. I was making two or three hundred dollars a day.
 200 or 300 dollars a day?
 Yeah. I was cashing personal checks. I had my partner's ID. He reported it stolen or lost. And when they come to him, he didn't look like me. His signature wasn't mine. There's all kinds of ways of beating them people. All you got to do is sit down and figure it out.
 And what would you do with two or three hundred a day? How would you spend it?
 I would go downtown and go to all kinds of places. You've heard of the Blue Note, the Chez Paree, the Brass Rail, all those places. Bought me suits, shoes, got a cut and shave every week.
 You lived big, eh?
 That's right.
 What kind of quarters did you have? Where did you live?
 Well, I was living at the Alcazar Hotel.
 Where is that, on Washington boulevard?
 Yeah. I didn't want to get too rich for my blood, 'cause that's the way the police get ahold of you.
 The police?
 Yeah. Since I got out before I've had two cars—a '51 Buick convertible, black. Then before I got busted, I had a '52 Olds 98, four-door. See, if I catch it here, I can't complain. I've had my fun, my good times.
 Well, where does it end up eventually?
 When I'm dead—or when they give me enough time I can do.

As a reformed burglar—one whose career flowered at the Juvenile Detention Home in Chicago and was nurtured in various jail and prison cells only to wither on the couch of a psychoanalyst—I looked forward with anticipation to the series of radio broadcasts called “They Talked to a Stranger.” It was, to my knowledge, the first time that embryonic criminals were to be given the opportunity to present their stories to a wide audience, without fear of retaliation,—their medium, a perfect stranger, one who had ideally no axe to grind, no particular group to satisfy.

It was a great attempt to get inside those misunderstood youngsters we call juvenile delinquents. Night after night, for ten days, I listened to their muffled words spill out. Sometimes they came with resentment, sometimes with the grandiose braggadocio of the urchin who whistles in a graveyard. Always there was bewilderment. One interviewee blurted out: “Right now, I don’t know . . . I mean, I’m doing my time, and that’s all you can do is your time . . .”

Outside of a small group looking for titillation, I imagine many of Mr. O’Connor’s audience were concerned parents, most of whom have been enlightened by present-day discussion of juvenile crimes. I am sure for the most part they accept the modern theory that goes roughly like this: a child without love is a child without security, one who will develop anti-social ways. The simple answer: give the child love and all his sins will be wiped away. What is so often overlooked is that the original lack of love occurred a long time before the child’s aggressively destructive behavior made him a potential interviewee on “They Talked to a Stranger.” To burden the child then with love without reason, only because it should have been given before, only aggravates a sad situation. To the child who has gone over to “the other world,” anything that smacks of the deprived love he yearned for as a baby is to be ridiculed, hysterically denied. These boys, day after day, spoke out their confusion in the new language they had adopted—the lingo of the underworld. It was rough. It was callous. It cringed in false repentance, but was quickly covered with boasts. “No, I don’t feel funny. I ain’t got no conscience. If I had, I wouldn’t be out there burglarizing . . .”

I regret that there were not more youths interviewed, allowing for more condensation, more variety, not only in the type of crimes committed, but in the attitudes of those committing

The by-line over these comments is the pseudonym of a man who has lived in both worlds: the “legitimate” world of most people who listened to “They Talked to a Stranger” as well as the other world of those who talked. Under this pen name, he authored an account of his criminal past, *Next Time for Life*.



them. For instance, outside of an off-statement or two, there was no talk of home, of parents, of childhood dreams and hopes long gone and shattered. If more material had been collected, there would have been less need for guidance from Mr. O’Connor, who seemed eager at times to prove, for instance, that the burglar always progresses to crimes that call for a gun, that the road from malicious mischief to organized or syndicate crime is a foregone, pat conclusion.

BUT PERHAPS I expected too much. “They Talked to a Stranger” was a startling departure from the two general approaches: the woodshed school, and the love-em-in-spite-of-what-they’ve-done view. It brought to the radio audience with shocking in-

sistence views of the rebel without a cause—the almost finished product of neglect, misunderstanding, frustrated anger and just plain apathy. Perhaps if genteel distaste can be forgotten for a while, we can really hear the words of these kids whose eventual aim is to deny the world of love and honor. Then perhaps we’ll be able to know how all this came about. With that knowledge, gained not only from books, we might be able to prevent our Johnny from seeing anything attractive in the “other world,” keep him from the cynical hopelessness of one boy interviewed by Len O’Connor who, in response to the question, “Where does it end up eventually?” said, “When I’m dead—or when they give me enough time I can do.”

During January, all the programs in the television series, “Live and Learn” (Sundays, 10:30 a.m., WNBQ) will be devoted to discussion of juvenile crime and delinquency, especially as revealed by “They Talked to a Stranger.” On January 8, the program will feature Len O’Connor; January 15, Sheriff Joseph Lohman; January 22, Frank T. Flynn, Professor of Social Service Administration, University of Chicago; January 29, a panel of all three.

Reprints of this feature on juvenile crime will be made available by CHICAGO Magazine and the National Broadcasting Co. Persons desiring copies for school, organization or other civic use may obtain them, while supply lasts, from CHICAGO, 858 n. La Salle street, Chicago 10, Ill.

BUILDERS OF THE CITY

Chicago

makes its second annual selection of men and women who have conspicuously advanced the city in major fields of human activity during the past twelve months. These distinguished neighbors, the editors believe, are . . .



THE FIVE FOREMOST CHICAGOANS of 1955

HENRY E. SEYFARTH

Mention of the president of the Confederacy does not bring to mind a 47-year-old La Salle street lawyer with a small moustache and a gift for logical persuasion. But there is reason as well as surprise in the association.

After Lieutenant Jefferson Davis had ridden over the dunelands around Lake Calumet in 1832, he recorded (in a report to the War Department) a vision of economic greatness that was linked to the future of harbor facilities there, as the pivotal link between two waterways: the Great Lakes and the Mississippi river. In 1955, Henry Edward Seyfarth was the successful agent in realizing the last element in that vision—the widening of the Cal-Sag channel, an event on which the city's future depends, perhaps more than on any other single factor.

For over two decades, widening of the Cal-Sag channel has been like the weather. Everybody talked about it and nobody did anything. Less than two years ago, prompted by the prospective deepening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, which will vastly increase ocean traffic to Calumet harbor, Seyfarth organized the Cal-Sag committee, designed to pressure and persuade Congress and all citizens that the widening of the ditch which now carries traffic to the Illinois waterway (and thus ultimately to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico), was the obvious sequel to the deepening of the St. Lawrence.

Last June, Seyfarth's committee stated this case in Washington—and added a few corollaries: improvement of the channel will lead to industrialization of some 15,000 acres, a \$3,000,000,000 capital investment, and the creation of half a million jobs. Congress responded by appropriating \$4,000,000—enough of a start to suggest that, with the St. Lawrence Seaway already well advanced, pressure will be great to finish the Cal-Sag widening. When that happens, Seyfarth will have helped realize one of Jeff Davis' dreams—and, done much to convert this city into a major ocean port.



FRITZ REINER



Ever since Theodore Thomas founded it in 1890, the reputation of the Chicago Symphony orchestra has been national and good, except for brief periods when it has been international and excellent. That one of the latter periods was about to set in seemed probable three years ago when Fritz Reiner arrived here to bring the symphony's instrumentalists under his baton. What was obvious to the city's core of music-lovers, even before the new conductor had finished his first season, became public knowledge during the past 12 months. That Emil Gilels, the great Russian pianist, would record in this country only with Reiner and the Chicago Symphony is an example of the degree of excellence to which the conductor had brought the orchestra.

Dr. Reiner, who is two years older than his orchestra, was born in Budapest and graduated from the Academy of Music there in 1908. His first important conductorship was with the Dresden Royal

opera, to which he was appointed in 1914 at the age of 26. He came to this country to conduct the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra in 1922, and remained to become a citizen six years later. In 1931 he was made head of the departments of orchestra and opera at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, where he organized an opera company under the auspices of the Philadelphia Orchestral association. He directed the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra from 1938 to 1948, when he became regular conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.

In addition to perfectionism in technique and a vast range of musical imagination, a great conductor needs another rare quality: independence of spirit. About a year ago, Dr. Reiner, at 67, astonished conservatives by leading the Chicago Symphony and the Sauter-Finegan orchestra in Rolf Liebermann's Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra.

With him at left is Mrs. Reiner.

GEORGE HALAS

It's only natural that George Halas has coached more football victories than anyone else; he invented the game. He didn't invent all of football, of course, only the kind that is played today. About 1917 when Halas joined in the fun at the University of Illinois, sheer physical bulk and strength were the decisive factors in most football games.

College football was the only kind that drew much attention then. But after he left school Halas organized a professional team that came to be known as the Chicago Bears. By the early 30s they had become the most powerful entry in the National Football League, a federation whose growing prosperity owed much to Halas' promotional ability and his eagerness to create a style of play bringing maximum entertainment to the people who paid to watch it. Toward the end of that decade, Halas' forces reached almost poetic heights of athletic efficiency. In the system developed by the Bears, outthinking the enemy was as important as outrunning or outshoving him. Deception, variety and quick scoring thrusts were its trademarks.

Halas' methods were being proven every Sunday in the autumns of the early 40s, and the cumulative impact soon produced a revolutionary change in the game. Imitation began with the other pro teams, then filtered through the colleges to the high schools. Within only a few years a transformation started by one team had enveloped thousands.

World War II broke up the Bears' greatest teams, and after it was over the general adoption of the new style of play evened out competition; Halas' ideological gain became his tactical loss. However, during the past season, Halas' last as a coach, the Bears moved up again and, except for a few notably erratic moments, performed in the tradition of the team's best history.

In an era when the city's professional athletic teams have been generally vincible, local sports fans have appreciated the Bears that much more. But George Halas' significance transcends mere playing-field success. More often than not the heroes of professional sport are citizens of far off places, imported to ply their trade while the season lasts. George Halas is a native of the West Side and a resident of the North. Owner of the Bears and interested in several non-athletic businesses, he leads a life closely integrated with the community whose sporting prestige he promotes.



BERNICE T. VAN DER VRIES



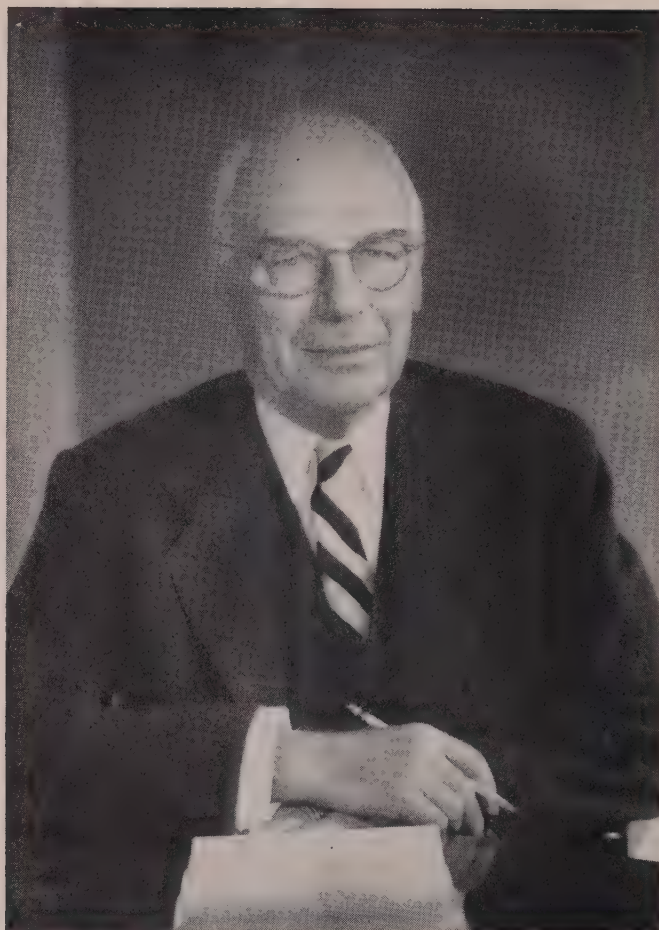
Remarked a state house observer of some maturity, "Bernice T. Van Der Vries has combined two incompatible forms of behavior—acting like a member of the Illinois House of Representatives, and acting like a lady."

As a representative of the 7th district, she is the heroine of still another political paradox: she is withdrawing from politics just as her career has been climaxed by a major victory—dissolution, by reapportionment of the district she represents—and despite the fact that nobody doubts she would be re-elected if she ran again.

Born in Kansas in 1890, Mrs. Van Der Vries, who is a widow, entered politics in 1931 by way of the Winnetka Village Council, and has been a member of the legislature since 1934. During her eleven terms, she has made a record of public service which can stand comparison with those of the best lawmakers in Washington, as well as in Springfield. Mrs. Van Der Vries' political interests often reflect the enlightened social attitudes which have made her active in such organizations as Hull House, the Illinois Children's Hospital school, the Illinois Mental Health Authority, the Illinois Society for Mental Health, and the North Shore Mental Health association.

Last November, after 21 years in the House, Mrs. Van Der Vries announced she would not seek renomination in the April primaries. When she was asked which of her political achievements she regarded with the most satisfaction, she listed two: first, her 14-year struggle to authorize Illinois cities with populations of over 5,000 (except Chicago) to hire city managers (as a result, 43 now do, including Peoria); second, legislation which has improved state care of the mentally ill and the physically handicapped.

LAIRD BELL



Picture credits: page 29, George Kufrin; page 30, Moffett; pages 31-32, United Press; page 34, Stephen Lewellyn.

The alliance between wealth and civic responsibility is much less rare here than it is often thought to be. What is rare, however, is to find a man endowed with the first who has assumed, to the extent that Laird Bell has done, the burden of the second.

Apart from his career activities as senior partner in the law firm of Bell, Boyd, Marshall and Lloyd, and as chairman of the board of the Weyerhaeuser Timber company, Bell has served two public interests: government and education. His work in both fields may have come to a climax in 1955. A Democrat, he was named by President Eisenhower as alternate delegate to the United Nations, and, earlier, he had been appointed to the government's Advisory Commission on Educational Exchange. With these appointments, Bell, now 72, has capped a life largely devoted to being useful to those who govern and to those who teach.

He has been a trustee of the Uni-

versity of Chicago, and chairman of its board of trustees; a trustee of Carleton college; a member of the board of overseers of Harvard university; a member of the Commission on Financing Higher Education. It is possible that still another task, taken on this year, will overshadow in importance any other assignment of his career: the presidency of the National Merit Scholarship corporation, the largest independent scholarship program in history, and a major effort to solve the economic problems of education.

In government, Bell's appointments are luminous: he has held the chairmanship of the Central Price Adjustment board of the Navy, and served as chief counsel to the economic division of Allied occupation forces in Germany.

As extra insurance against idleness, Bell is active on a commission to study minority-group housing, and he also is chairman of the National Planning association.

"I've never had a honeymoon, including this one, but I've got it out of my system."

NIAGARA FALLS

is a terrible place to go

a story

by Helen Harris Perlman

Ed and I went up to Niagara Falls just for the hell of it. Why I wanted to go I'll never know. We've been kicking around together for a long time—that's no secret—and when his wife finally gave him his divorce and we finally got to City Hall I said to Ed, "Let's make it really legal, Ed. Let's go up to Niagara just for the hell of it." Ed looked at me like I was crazy—but you know Ed, he's easy-going. So he says, "Oke, if you want it that way." And believe it or not, I bought me a pleated aqua nylon nightie just to celebrate it right. After all, like I said to Ed, I've never had a real honeymoon. Jim, my first, was too broke, poor kid. Him and I used to talk about how we'd really go somewhere someday, but he never lived long enough, poor thing. Then Frank, my ex, was too stingy to shell out for anything he couldn't take a hold of with his hands, so we went from the judge to that bungle-house of his, and that was that. Well, Ed and I've had a lot of fun together, gone places and done things, but I was dead set on this honeymoon idea. You know—the foolish forties, like they say.

So we get up there in the afternoon, on the Canadian side, because I said to Ed it'd be fun going to a foreign



drawing by Shelly Terman

country, and we put into a motel. It was a high-class motel—the eight-nine dollar a night type. But you know what—you had to share a bathroom. Imagine, everything else all fancied up—roses all over the bedspreads and curtains, soap wrappers with the queen's crown on them, and I don't know what-all—but you've got to share a bathroom with the adjoining room. That's one thing I hate. I had enough of it with Jim, moving from one rooming house to another, always carrying a can of cleanser in my little hot hand to wash another guy's ring off the tub before I could get in. Jim used to kid me and say Rome fell because the Romans were too hipped on their bathtubs, but I said if clean plumbing means the end of civilization, let 'er crash, boy, and you'll find me on the throne. I'm telling you, that shared bathroom soured me from the start.

Anyhow, first thing, we went to see the falls. Well—it's an awful lot of water, really very very wonderful, when you think of it, and pretty, too, with the rainbow and all. I couldn't help thinking of the men who risked their lives to go over it in a barrel, but Ed said anyone who's such a damn fool deserves what he gets. You know Ed—he's so practical. Like when he looks at the river at the bottom of the falls where it swirls and swishes and foams, and he says, "It reminds me of a washing machine," he says. Honestly! So we looked at it for a while, and then I got to looking at the people. Mostly honeymooners. You know, late in September the regular tourists with kids are settled at home already and Niagara gets to be mostly for honeymooners. All kids, they were—little girls with practically pimples for breasts and scrawny fellows who couldn't even keep their cow-licks down yet. Ed tries to make me jealous, and starts giving the girls the eye. "Slick chicks," he says. "Look, boy," I says, "give those kids another couple of years and they'll be a darn sight more faded and trussed up than yours truly." He admitted it too. You know Ed—he's a kidder from way back.

But you know something—the more I looked at those kids the more I began to feel kind of depressed. The plain fact was they didn't look happy—they looked more like they were at their funerals than their honeymoons. Some of them were all sported up in duck-bill caps and matching jackets—and some were real chic, like one girl in tweeds and a genuine alligator bag. All different types. But all of them looked like they were wanting something more than they were getting. You know? They walked along,

or stood there looking at the falls, holding hands or their arms around each other, but they weren't talking or laughing or kidding around or giving each other soulful looks. They looked lonesome, sort of, as though "Now that we're on our honeymoon what should we do" or as though "I wish I knew how ma is." I sort of got the feeling, the way they held hands, that it was more from lonesomeness than from love.

I COULD JUST SEE in my mind what'd happened to most of them. They'd gone to a couple of movies or maybe club dances together, and then he asked her if she wanted to go steady because it's easier to have a girl you can depend on to be at the other end of the wire than always to be chasing this one and that. She says "Yes" not particularly because she loves the guy but because other girls are going steady. So then it gets to be Chuck and Jean, Jean and Chuck all the time. They neck some and pet some and feel kind of guilty and kind of good, and all their friends kid them about being in love, so they think they are. So then there's nowhere to go from there but to get married. So she gets kitchen showers and finger towels, and he gets a stag party with lots of jokes making him out a big wolf, and the families close in on them, everybody laughing and kidding and dancing and eyes flashing. And all of a sudden they're on their honeymoon, all alone and everything quiet, and they're thinking, "So—where do we go from here?" You know?

So I says to Ed, "All of this water is making me thirsty," so he says, "Let's go have a couple drinks and have ourselves a good dinner." We went up on that open terrace restaurant right overlooking the falls, and it was beautiful. Candles, flowers, sunset back of us—honestly it was real romantic. Ed ordered us some champagne and a steak—I got to hand it to him, he's really an open-handed guy—and for a while there I began to feel real good. I said to Ed, I swear, I practically feel like a bride. Then, just my luck, this young couple sat down at the table right next to us. She was a skinny little blonde, hardly a touch of makeup on, real pretty features, but no style. Sort of reminded me of when I was about twenty. Wearing one of those cheap rayon, going-away suits, and one of those sick-looking lavender orchids. The fellow was a raw-boned kid, hair skinned down so tight it practically pulled his eyebrows up. They start looking at the menu real carefully—right to left—and then they practically

whisper to the waitress what they want. Then they just sit there, hardly saying a word to each other. When their food comes, he digs in like a farm hand. I couldn't take my eyes off of the girl though—she ate tiny bites, and kept her pinkie stuck out, and she kept a smile on her face that didn't go any further than the corners of her mouth. I could've throttled him. He never looked up from his food, kept wolfing away as if it was a business he had to get over with. I felt like leaning over to tap him on the shoulder and say, "Look, son. Take it easy! Talk to her! Kid her along a little! Tell her she's cute! Make some noises like love!" Ed must've caught sight of my face or something, because he says, "What's eating you, babe?" So I just laughed and we had a couple more champagnes. It didn't seem to help me any though. She was still picking bones out of her fish when his plate was already cleaned up, and he just sat there, staring at the falls, as though he was expecting to see his mother come down them in a canoe. I don't know—maybe he was scared too. They were done way before we were—you know Ed—he has to have his brandy and his cigar and kid around with the waitress. But that kid's face stayed with me for some darn reason.

WELL, WE WAITED to see the colored lights on the falls. Ed says, "That's the electrical union trying to muscle in on nature!" and after that we decided to turn in. Ed said all the fresh air we'd had was too much for him, and he just flopped on top of all the cretonne roses. So I helped him get out of his shoes and things and got him comfortable, and then I started to get myself ready. Now here's where that bathroom comes in. I've got my hair brushed and pin-curled and my face creamed off and patted up and a touch of cologne here and there and I go for the bathroom to brush my teeth. I look at the crack of the door and see it's dark in there so I pull open the door and switch on the light. And there's that kid—that blonde girl. Standing there pulling off her slip, scared stiff, and blinking like a rabbit caught in a searchlight. I took it in in a flash. She's come into the bathroom to be behind a closed door to undress, see, and she's so shy or scared that she's doing it in the pitch dark. I said, "Excuse me!" and she said, "That's all right." But she stood there like frozen, clutching onto her night clothes hanging on the hook. I took them in too, while I was saying how I'd thought the room was empty because it was dark—you know, I was trying to laugh it off—but she never

even smiled. Just kept looking at me, frozen-like.

Her nightgown was a rayon satin job, and the negligee a sleazy lace number, and a pair of white satin mules were standing like little goody-two-shoes under them. Honestly, I wanted to take that kid in my arms and just rock her like you'd rock a baby, and say, "No, no, sweetie, no. It's not like that. It's not white satin slippers that'll have dust feathers on them in the morning, or a fancy negligee that you put on in the dark and then afterwards you wonder when in hell will I ever use this again. It's sure no good for cooking hubby's seven o'clock breakfast in a two-by-four kitchenette, and it won't keep you warm on chilly nights, and when the kid comes you won't be heating the two o'clock bottle in a drippy white lace. Just take it easy, honey—" I wanted to say to her. "Just love your boy easy, naturally. Let your shoes fall off by themselves—you know what I mean? A wedding night is just the beginning of a long time loving. It's not the big boom-boom finale the movies and mags make it out to be." But, naturally, I didn't say a word. I just said "Excuse me" again and backed out but fast. I didn't even feel like telling Ed about it, I felt so sorry for the kid. Anyhow, Ed was fast asleep.

After a while I heard her go out of the bathroom, and I dashed in and out in no time flat. But for some reason I just couldn't sleep. I kept trying to hear what was going on, at the same time ashamed of being so nosey about none of my business. Ed, he just snored away like a baby. Ever notice how sort of helpless big men look when they sleep? Then, after a long while, I heard the bathroom light switch on and I heard the door close and get locked, and this time the bolt on our door was locked too. I just lay there, listening. Nothing happened, no water ran or anything. Then I could hear that the girl was blowing her nose. Little lady-like sniffs. So she must've been crying.

It doesn't seem like much when you tell it, but it upset me plenty. I couldn't sleep all night. I lay there in the dark and I got to thinking about all the kids lying in their marriage beds in Niagara Falls, and wondering how many of them were thinking, "Is this it? Is this what it's all about? Is this what's supposed to make you feel all together, for once, and supposed to fill in all the empty lonesome places in you?" I bet there were plenty of kids crying or near to it, that night, and every other night too. Boys, too, not only girls. I could tell it by the way they looked when

they walked around with each other, like they were looking for something together but they didn't know what it was or where to find it. "Where do we go from here?" they want to know. So then the girls think, "I got to get back quick and buy some real cute dishes with the money Uncle Joe gave us, and I'll put a red polka-dot ruffle around the kitchen window, and all the girls will think it's cute." And the boys think "I got to get back to that batch of mail or whatever but fast. Maybe I'll rate a different job, or a raise in a couple of months. Maybe I'll get somewhere." And they get itching to get back to doing things and being with people so all the busy-ness and yak-yak will make them forget how scared and lonesome and empty-feeling they are. Know what I mean?

Came morning, I was a wreck. I said to Ed, "Ed, we're packing and leaving. This place is giving me the plain and fancy willies." Ed didn't get it, naturally, so he looks kind of foolish and says, "Babe, I guess I owe you a great big apology for falling asleep on you like that. You shouldn't have let me drink all that fizz-water."

"Eddie-boy," I says, "I've been married three times, as you well know. I've never had a honeymoon, including this one, but I've got it out of my system." So Ed was game. We packed up in no time flat and hit the road back for the city as fast as the old jalopy would go. Then we called up some of the gang and went out on the town and had ourselves a real whee. I'll tell you—it's beautiful and all that, Niagara Falls, but it's a terrible place to go on a honeymoon. ■

The Sails

We slept on a high screen porch among night and stars.
In winter, snows, the rare snows that came,
Would sift fine flakes across the eider-down;
In summer trees were rustling dense with leaves
In the close-scented dark where cicadas jarred.

We were part of that living world: there was no choice
What frames the mind would take; taken by force
It flowed in and out on waves of the dark
Or merging glints of the moon. It was life in all,
Romantic meeting fashion could not change.

I recall one August how we drove late home,
Drowsy with warm lake water, and went to bed—
Fireflies lighting, bats gliding, swallows in air.
Midnight we waked—the oaks wrenched and torn;
My father was calling: "Pull up the tarpaulins, son."

We pulled each on a side; the canvas rose,
Bellied in the wind, cracked; we lashed it down.
Then on to the next, and the last. In bed again,
Under a crazy quilt in the sudden cool,
I heard the god's thunder, felt the mist of rain,

Smelled how foliage and earth received the damp
Beneath the blaze of lightning. So sleep returned.
And always in my ear like an ocean charm
Was the flap of wind in canvas, yawing sails—
O where to, mariner, in so deep a storm?

—Charles G. Bell

A Literamic, Photoramic History
of an Industrial Harvest Festival

AUTO SHOW

from horseless carriage to hardtop



Old, middle-aged and young Chicago Auto show views indicate trend from mere display of cars to pageantry. Dates of exhibitions are, from left, 1928, 1937, 1951.

by Alan Whitney

The people who sell cars in this town have it all over the Fuller brush man. They don't put their feet in far-flung doors to get an audience for their sales talk; instead, they have their clients go down to the South Side and pay a dollar to listen to the pitch.

This fortuitous situation doesn't always prevail, of course, but it does obtain during the annual Chicago Automobile show, whose 48th manifestation occurs at the International amphitheater January 7 through 15.

This event has become much more than a trade show; it has taken on the character of a folk rite, an occasion for paying homage to the secular god of technology.

Auto shows have been and are being conducted all over the country, but here, in the nation's industrial capital, the yearly display has reached unique heights in physical scope, pageantry and grass roots interest.

Even Detroit has never had an auto show on the scale of the Chicago enterprise. New York had one before the war, but when its national spon-

sorship ended, the show failed to go on. Similarly deprived of national promotion, the Chicago show was taken over by local backers and prospered as never before.

This change of sponsorship, which occurred in 1935, divides the history of the show into two eras. The first began humbly, thrived on the novelty and the endless variety of the industry's early products, then suffered from its own unwieldiness, dissension among the manufacturers, standardization of models and the Depression. The second phase brought integration and order, then added the ingredient of showmanship which has given the exhibition much of its present ritualistic character.

The first era began early in 1901 when there were about 8,000 cars in the country, 250 of them owned by Chicagoans. The newspapers carried occasional stories about "automobilism" that year, usually on the sports pages. There was much speculation as to whether cars would one day cease to be rich men's toys and begin threatening the traditional

highway hegemony of the horse.

That prospect was regarded as a certainty, rather than a possibility, by the youth who organized the first Chicago Automobile show and thereby found a lifetime career. His name was Samuel A. Miles, and he was on the editorial staff of *Motor Age*, a pioneer trade journal of the industry which was published here.

During the previous fall work had been completed on the awesome new Coliseum, built on the Wabash avenue site of a predecessor which had collapsed a couple of years earlier.

Miles and several colleagues from *Motor Age* who were helping plan the show decided to settle for nothing but the best in accommodations. They rented the Coliseum for the week beginning March 23, and moved in soon after the National Carriage and Harness Dealers association had ended its annual exposition.

Only ten makes of cars were available for the show—two gas buggies, five electrics, and three steamers—so Miles and his friends supplemented their displays with motor-driven bicycles and motorboats. They also built a track on which autos could be driven around the periphery of the arena floor.

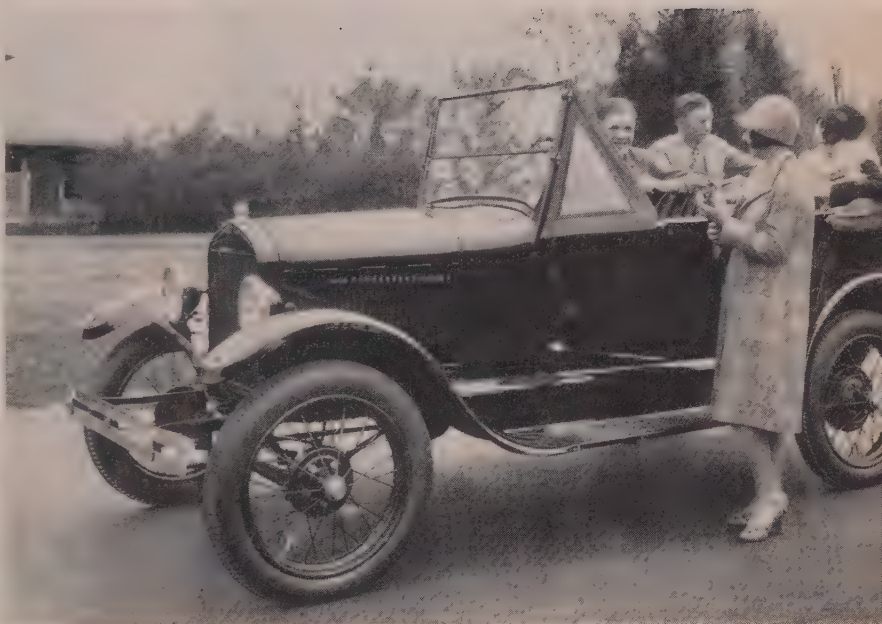
One night of the show was set aside in honor of the city's numerous cycling clubs, whose members were systematically tempted to try out the exciting new vehicles. Alderman Coughlin of the 1st ward, better known as "Bathhouse John," showed up for a driving lesson clad in a bright green coat and red vest. The climax of the show was a floral parade around the track, with prizes awarded for the best decorated cars.

The practice of charging admission began with the first show, and thousands of visitors were admitted to the Coliseum at 50 cents a head.

From both an artistic and a financial standpoint, Miles' first auto show was reckoned a success, and he readily yielded to the urgings of manufacturers that he make it an annual event.

The industry that was to become the nation's largest made gigantic strides in that direction during the first decade of the century, and the auto show stayed in step.

In 1903 the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers began sponsoring the local show and the one in New York, retaining Miles as manager of both. The new models were introduced at the New York exhibition, which began early in January. Then the displays were brought here for a run starting late in the month or early in February. The pattern thus established continued until

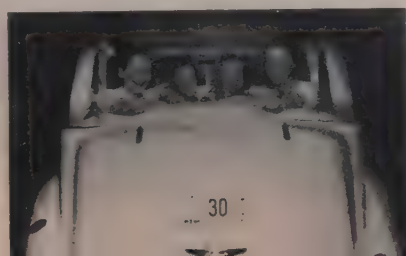


Publicity has long linked cars and girls. Above, 1926 Ford with flappers.



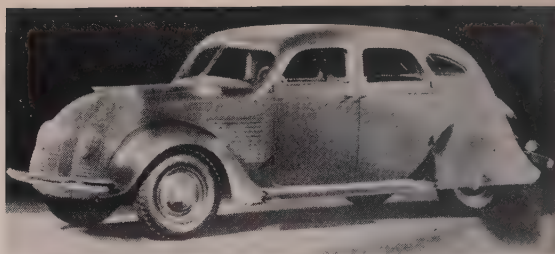
"Gold Diggers of 1937," from movie of same name, with Buick of same year.

Plymouth anticipated hardtop trend with experimental plastic cab in 1939.

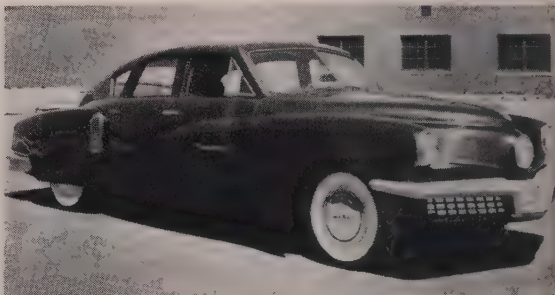




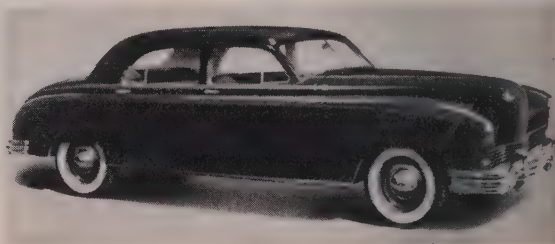
National contest was held to name the ill-fated Henry J, which made its world premiere at 1950 show here. Name plate on hood reads "Name the Car."



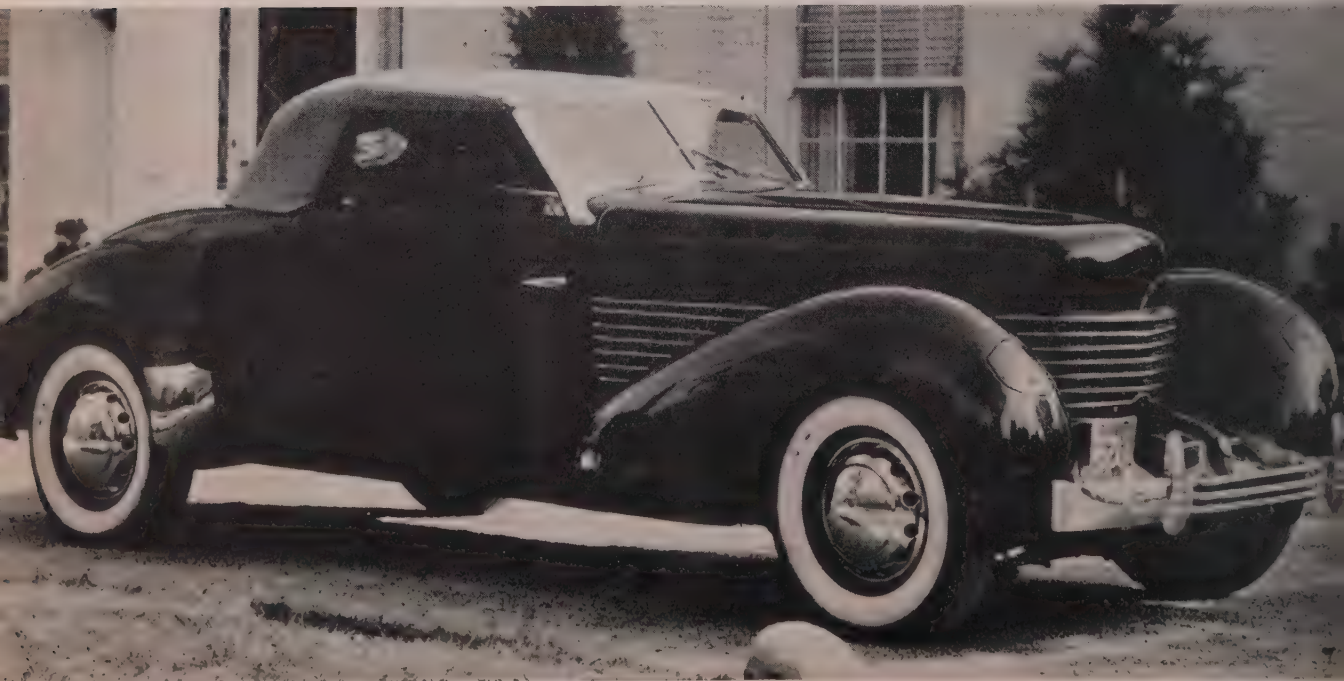
A daring but unpopular direction in design was taken by 1934 De Soto "Airflow." This styling, also used in Chryslers, was dropped in 1936.



Hand-built Tucker was unveiled at factory on South Side in 1947. Car captured popular interest but never saw showroom or show.



Frazer, introduced in 1947 and now extinct, was first American car with continuous line from front to rear fender.



Post-war design tendencies were foreshadowed in low-slung, front-wheel-drive Cord exhibited at 1935 auto show here.

Miles' death in 1934.

The two shows were regarded as a unit constituting the "national" show, and they far overshadowed local events held in other cities. The one in New York received the most publicity because the new models were unveiled there, and it ranked high as a social event, not unlike the Metropolitan Opera opening. The Chicago show, however, usually drew larger crowds, more interested in mechanics, and resulted in the sale of more cars.

When, during the early 1900s, skepticism about the future of the auto gave way to wild enthusiasm, everybody who had a lathe and a screwdriver wanted to get into the act. Factories were established in large and small towns throughout the East and the Middle West. The result was intense competition that brought failure to more than 2,000 manufacturers over the years and left only five combines solvent in 1956.

THE BUILDERS had to compete not only for customers but for distributors, and this necessity led to the establishment of a long and usually honorable association of the automobile with another obsession of every red-blooded American boy, the girl.

The city's early automobile row grew up along Wabash and Michigan around 12th street, convenient to the fashionable Prairie avenue district where a large proportion of the customers were to be found.

The manufacturers were given to entertaining the dealers in such trade hangouts as the New Southern and Metropole hotels while arguing the marketability of early makes like the Dolson, the Premier, or the Cleveland. They soon noted that the automobile district was also conveniently situated vis-a-vis the Everleigh Club, and the unparalleled facilities of that resort were thereafter employed to close deals until it closed in 1911. M. J. Musselman, in his history of the automobile in America, *Get a Horse*, relates that the Everleigh sisters annually proclaimed a special "Automobile Night" during the Coliseum show.

Although only the well-to-do were actually buying cars during the auto show's first years, increasing thousands of the less fortunate were paying to admire them, and Miles was able to make each renewal of the exhibition more lavish than its predecessor.

In 1904 he covered the floor of the Coliseum with huge mirrors so that visitors could see the running gear of the cars without peering under them.

As a highlight of the 1905 show, Mayor Carter Harrison *filis* and the entire city council were driven from

the city hall to the Coliseum and, after seeing the exhibits, dropped off at their homes.

Driving of cars inside the Coliseum became both unnecessary and impractical after the first few shows. More than 100,000 people paid for the privilege of merely gazing at them in 1905, and the vast number of exhibits left no space for interior maneuvering. Demonstrations for customers were given outside the building, however, and at a time when motor vehicles were rarely seen in many parts of town, the streets around the Coliseum teemed with cars carrying dealers and prospective owners.

In 1906 the show outgrew the Coliseum, and part of it was moved to the nearby First Regiment armory, a covered walk being installed between the two buildings.

There were 232 models of gasoline-engine cars on display, as well as 42 electrics and seven steamers.

Four cars of local manufacture were shown, the most luxurious being the Tinch, a 70-horsepower monster made on west Jackson boulevard and sold at \$6,000 to \$8,000. A new local entry was the \$2,500 Chicago touring car, built by the Chicago Automobile Manufacturing company, at 42nd and State. The Silent Knight, made by Knight and Kilbourne on the Near North Side, was said to be the quietest running car on the market. The Holsman, produced in Woodlawn, was a high-wheeled, buggy-like vehicle intended primarily for rural use.

Two employees of the local Pierce-Arrow agency exhibited a car heater on which they hoped to get a patent. Basically it consisted of a shutter that diverted the engine exhaust into the car when the weather turned cold.

The 1906 show was acclaimed by far the most successful to date, with attendance of 230,000 and \$7,100,000 worth of merchandise unloaded during the week. An even greater source of satisfaction to the sponsors, however, was the fact that Henry Ford had consented to take part in the show.

FORD WAS THEN engaged in a bitter feud with most of the other manufacturers as a result of a *cause célèbre* of the period known as the Selden patent suit. The controversy stemmed from some reading done in 1877 by George Baldwin Selden, a schemer if there ever was one.

Selden, a patent attorney in Rochester, discovered an article about research in self-propelling vehicles being carried on in Europe. He didn't know anything about mechanics, but he knew a lot about patents, so he hired a tradesman to build a rough approximation of a car and sent an



One of the 400. Production of Cadillac's V-16 was restricted to that number of cars, custom-built to order, in 1933.

application to the U.S. Patent office. Then, realizing that his rights might expire before the auto industry got fairly rolling, he secured, as lawyers do, a long series of delays so that the patent was not granted until 1895.

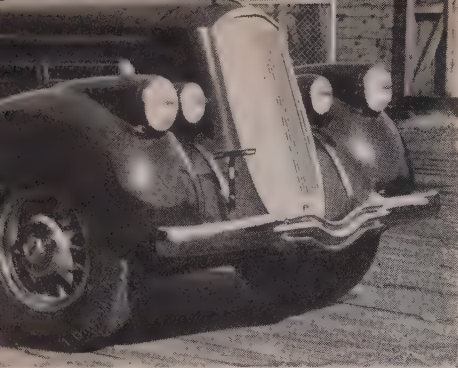
When auto manufacturing began in earnest, Selden, who never practiced it, informed those who did that he owned the patent rights, and began charging them a royalty of five per cent of the retail price of each car built. Later he sold a portion of his interest in the patent to a semi-exclusive organization called the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

This group seized control of the industry in its early years, granting manufacturing licenses where it saw fit and threatening suits when necessary to enforce its will. Early in 1903 an upstart builder named Ford approached the association and allowed that he would like to become a member. He was told to go out and make some cars to prove he was no fly-by-night operator and then report back.

Ford went out and built a lot of cars, but, not one to fritter away a grudge, he never reported back. Meanwhile, his new low-priced models began attracting a large drivership, and in the fall of 1903 the association filed suit, charging that he had infringed on its patent.

The case was in the courts for eight years while relations between Ford and the other major manufacturers grew increasingly bitter. In this trust-busting era the public sided overwhelmingly with Ford as the man who was bringing the benefits of mass production to the common people, and against the "monopolists" who were adding the Selden royalty to the price of each car. By the time the case was decided, in Ford's favor, in 1911, the royalty had been reduced to less than one per cent, so that it would have added only about \$5 to the price of one of his cars. But principles were involved that transcended dollars and cents.

As a result of the Selden patent hassle, Ford refused to take part in



Distinguished facade of 1936 Pierce Arrow was backed by 12-cylinder, 185-horsepower engine. Post-war cars have passed that level only recently.

the New York auto show, preferring to conduct his own exhibit simultaneously in a different location along with a few small manufacturers who were on his side. It was a coup, therefore, for the 1906 Chicago show to have his cars on display in the Coliseum. Soon after that, however, Ford also withdrew from the local show, and he continued to snub it long after the patent suit had been settled.

Despite Ford's defection, the auto show experienced continuing growth through the first 20 years of the industry's development. Its main problem was always lack of space and a resultant tendency to spill out of the available buildings and become fragmented.

In 1909, lack of sufficient room in the Coliseum, the armory and another nearby building caused several of the manufacturers to hold supplementary exhibits in Loop hotel lobbies.

Cadillac that year started a trend toward showing more than just the final product. It displayed the testing machinery used to make sure its cylinder bores were correct to the thousandth of an inch. A reverent public appreciated this opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the functions of the horn of plenty, and later years found more and more space being given to such functional exhibits.

At the 1912 show, the electric cars were fighting hard to survive the trend toward gasoline engines. Fourteen makes of battery-operated vehicles were on display, an all-time record, and their proponents made a special appeal to women drivers, stressing simplicity of operation and immunity from freezing up during the winter.

Members of Miles' staff jubilantly reported that a traffic count on Michigan avenue had shown motor vehicles outnumbering the horse-drawn kind for the first time in the history of the event.

The shows of the early period en-

joyed one distinct advantage not possessed by those of the present era. They were able to display something basically different from what the visitor could see in a half-hour tour of his own community. Most of the scores of makes were sold at only one agency in Chicago, and only a minority were retailed at all in the small towns of the Middle West. As a result the show drew streams of out-of-town visitors. In 1917, the *Daily News* reported that the Loop was "enjoying a Latin spirit of festival" because of this influx.

Ninety-two makes were on display that year, and the number of electrics had shrunk to five.

Manager Miles spent \$50,000 on the decor, which featured murals on glass depicting such laudable subjects as Progress, Industry, Peace, Charity, Hope, Faith, Literature, Music and Science.

The show (or shows) became even more diffuse than before when the Congress hotel ran a "salon" of expensive imported and domestic cars, a project which would be carried out in later years at the Drake and the Edgewater Beach.

By 1920 the auto show had enveloped the old International amphitheater, where the trucks were exhibited.

There were still 84 passenger makes on display, but those manufacturers who were unable to meet the increasing pace of mass production and moderate price were soon to be driven out of the industrial temple.

At the 1925 show, only 52 makes were exhibited. The electrics had disappeared, and the Stanley Steamer was the only non-gasoline car shown.

The newspapers greeted the event with special supplements. Henry Ford, who was still boycotting it, advertised that all of his local showrooms would be open until 9 p.m. throughout the week.

Straight-eight engines and closed cars were the talk of the 1925 show. Statistics revealed that half of the cars being built had enclosed bodies, as against one and a half per cent ten years earlier.

A new make shown for the first



Restored to production briefly with this 1933 model, Stutz Bearcat had been sports car favorite of the 1920s, cultural companion of the raccoon coat.

time was the Chrysler. Introduced by new owners of the Maxwell plant, it was to be a leading fixture in the industry when "Maxwell" was synonymous with "antique."

The 1930 show was valued at \$5,000,000 and it stayed open on Sunday for the first time, possibly in order to meet the budget. The trend in design was toward "neatness," which meant severely rectangular bodies hard to distinguish one from the other.

THE DEPRESSION hit the auto show as hard as it hit the auto industry. Production of cars and trucks declined from 5,621,715 in 1929 to about 1,400,000 in 1932, bringing a general state of malaise to the trade.

And the show had other problems in the early 30s. The practice in past years had been to line up 80 or 90 different kinds of cars in a decorative setting and let the public feast its eyes on the strange and varied sights. But with the decreasing number of makes in production and the tendency to standardize the appearance of survivors, much of this fascination was



The incoming and the outgoing were combined in 1932 Ford with V-8 engine and rumble seat.

disappearing. Furthermore, cars were becoming so commonplace, both on the streets and in neighborhood showrooms, that there wasn't much different under the roof of the Coliseum.

This combination of factors had, by 1934, reduced the attendance at the auto show to about 80,000. Samuel Miles died later that year, and the national sponsors, now called the Automobile Manufacturers association, turned the Chicago show over to the Chicago Automobile Trade association, the local dealers group which had taken part in the show since its formation in 1904. The New York exhibition became the only national show.

The Chicago dealers lost no time in revitalizing the local show. Their first move was to bring Ford back into the fold (ironically, after he had surrendered the mass production championship to General Motors) and to get agreements from other manufacturers that there would be no supplemental exhibits elsewhere

design by Joe Phelan

One of Jack Muller's spiritual ancestors told pioneer manufacturer Elwood Haynes to get that contraption off Michigan avenue in 1895. The disagreement took place three years after the city saw its first car and six years before Chicago Automobile show began.



Picture credits, left to right and top to bottom: p. 38, International News Photos, United Press (2); p. 39, Chicago Motor club, UP (2); p. 40, Motor club, UP (3), INP; p. 43, UP; p. 42, Motor club, UP, Motor club; p. 43, UP; p. 44, Motor club (2), UP, INP, UP.

while the auto show was going on.

The exhibition held at the Coliseum in February of 1935 was billed as a "recovery" show, and the attendance showed an upward trend, reaching about 125,000. The Auto Trade association was not satisfied, however. It had big plans for the show, and the first necessity was a new location. The old International amphitheater had been destroyed in the Stock Yards fire of 1934, but the new one was completed in the fall of 1935 with much more space than was available at the Coliseum.

The auto show became the first non-Stock Yards tenant of the new Amphitheater that autumn. President Roosevelt had prevailed on the manufacturers to begin introducing their new cars in the fall instead of the winter in order to even out employment in the industry over the year.

The second show of 1935 gave abundant evidence that a new era was under way. Not only did the Auto Trade association have all the cars under one roof, but the roof was big enough to cover them and still leave room for visitors to stand back and take a look. The number of makes was down to a manageable 29, and a new variety of appearance had been introduced by streamlining.

The biggest innovation, however, lay in the fact that for the first time the event became a show, as well as an exhibition. And the natural partnership of the car and the girl was restored, this time on an impeccable moral plane.

The Associated Furriers lent a million dollars worth of skins for models to wear while accompanying the cars as each make was raised on a hydraulic lift and given a fanfare. The men looked at the girls, the women at the furs and both sexes at the cars. This stage show, presented at no extra charge, gave the exposition a focus it had never had before, and the miracles of the assembly line, thus displayed, attracted thousands of new trail hitters.

Attendance rose to 225,000, nearly double that of the previous show.

You could buy a Chevrolet for \$465 in this Depression year, if you had \$465. Cadillacs were priced as low as \$1,645. All-steel tops and knee-action wheels were coming in.

The cars, though, were still labeled standard and de luxe. A few years passed before some anonymous villain in an advertising agency thought of "super deluxe." When that happened, the dam broke, and it was only a matter of time until every model took its name from a North Shore subdivision or a cove on the Riviera.

The success of the new style auto



George Selden made patent application on car above in 1877 but didn't produce it until 1903, when its ability to run was challenged by Henry Ford in a bitter court fight.

This was a new car the year the equally new Coliseum housed the first Chicago Auto show. It's a 1901 Oldsmobile.



Sensation of the 1906 show was the "Baby Reo," shown with its father. Little car was a complete, one-fourth-scale working model of the big one.



Built in France in 1888, this steam car was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition here in 1893. Appraising its speed potential is Barney Oldfield, champion race driver of the early auto days.



First auto race ever held in America took place here on Thanksgiving Day in 1895. Shown in the winning car are driver J. Frank Duryea, left, and his brother Charles, who helped design and build it.



show pleased its sponsors but did not satisfy them. In 1936 they inaugurated an improvement in the stage pageant which made it more piquant and introduced the American sedan-salaaming ceremony to a lot of relatively new citizens.

The foreign language press was invited to choose queens representing the city's various nationality groups and the winning girls were used to decorate the cars as they were spotlighted on the stage. The innovation pleased perennial visitors to the show and brought in a lot of new ones from the readership of the papers running the contests.

Nationality queens reigned at the show through 1939, when growing tension in Europe made it difficult for such combinations as Miss Germany and Miss Poland to work together in harmony. For the 1940 show, the girls were chosen through community newspapers to represent various city neighborhoods and suburbs, a system which is still in vogue.

IN 1940 ATTENDANCE at the auto show rose to nearly 400,000. Nineteen makes were exhibited, with much interest centering on the new automatic transmissions—Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic and Dodge Fluid-Drive. An ominous portent was an army display of military vehicles.

After 1940 the show was interrupted through the war and the period of shortages and readjustments that plagued the industry for several more years. The national show in New York, also dropped during the war, has been neither revived nor replaced, with the result that the local one, resumed in 1950, is now recognized as *the* show from every point of view.

The price of admission was raised to 90 cents (kids 45 cents) for the first post-war show in 1950, but attendance did not lag. It began climbing steadily toward the half-million mark, reaching 490,500 in 1955.

Edward L. Cleary, executive vice-president of the Auto Trade Association and manager of the show, is counting on several new features to drive the house over 500,000 for 1956. Opening of the new exposition hall at the south end of the amphitheater increases the available space by 180,000 square feet, permitting display of all of the cars on the ground floor.

For the first time since the war, foreign cars are being shown. Some day the sponsors may bring back ethnic queens as features of the pageant, "if the world settles down again." But the Chicago Automobile show will always be a peculiarly American descendant of the ancient European harvest festival.



Henry Martin

No English Subtitles

*Three Spanish and two German houses
are survivors of the city's neighborhood
foreign film circuit.*

Miguel Aseves Mejia, Marika Roekk, Dieter Borsche and Amalia Aguilar have received notably scant attention from *Confidential*, Hedda Hopper and Irv Kupcinet. Yet they are favorite movie stars of thousands of local fans. They are the big names of German and Mexican pictures, and their efforts are screened at five local theaters, the survivors of a once much wider spectrum of foreign film houses.

Loop and Near North Side "art" theaters and some neighborhood cinemas show foreign language pictures part of the time, but three Spanish and two German houses are the only ones that do it exclusively—and rarely with English subtitles.

The oldest of these is the Kino, located on North avenue near Halsted, a neighborhood with strong, though diminishing, German cultural traditions. It has been in business since 1931 except for a three-year period during World War II.

The Kino is run by Joseph Pastor, who was born in Hamburg, and his daughter, Ethel. Week nights, Miss Pastor explains, have brought poor business, "like all theaters," since TV. Weekends are good. Admission is 74c weekends and 65c during the week.

The Kino has 426 seats. It is sparkling clean; no popcorn or candy is sold. Recent pictures are shown (the German motion picture industry started post-war export about 1950) and—except for the language—seem un-German by traditional criteria. Plump frauleins with blonde braids wound around their heads, apple-cheeked old men in *lederhosen*, and scenic views of the Rhine Valley, the Bavarian Alps or the Black Forest are notably absent.

One shown not long ago was a sophisticated drama, to say the least. Settings were night clubs, a modern office and a playboy's plush apartment. The girls were all fashionably skinny and wore exotic clothes. The men were far from the apple-cheeked mountaineer type: they looked more like ad agency executives. There was

a formidable amount of drinking.

In one scene a slinky brunette slunk into a man's apartment. He was wearing pajamas and a silk robe. He poured champagne, and they drank it while dancing. Then they shattered their glasses against a huge fireplace.

It was all very brisk and business-like, and afterward the girl picked up her purse and gloves (she had never taken her hat off), bussed the guy briefly and left. Apparently they have censors in Germany, too.

The audience, all middle-aged, reacted stolidly. Asked whether most of the customers were old-timers nostalgically out to hear the language of their childhood, Miss Pastor said some were, but that many young recent DP's come also. As if to corroborate her statement, three teen-agers in jeans, leather jackets and, for contrast, bushy European haircuts, stopped at the ticket window to ask, in German, the time of the next feature.

There's another German language theater, the Davis, on Lincoln avenue near Wilson. It's a 1,400-seat house, but Wednesday night there was only a handful of customers. An old slapstick comedy called *Anuschka* was being shown. No one was laughing.

The Tampico theater at 1611 west Roosevelt is a great contrast to the Kino and the Davis. On a Sunday night the 1,000-seat house was nearly filled, and at least a third of the customers were kids. Admission is 65c for adults, 20c for children.

Everyone seemed completely ab-

sorbed in the pictures except the preschoolers, who wandered up and down the aisles, tumbling over piles of popcorn boxes, candy wrappers and other debris, for the most part laughing and gurgling good-naturedly. Through most of a double feature program nobody shushed a child. The groups of teen-agers were as well-behaved as the adults, and everyone reacted with enthusiasm.

The first picture was about Pancho Villa and somewhat reminiscent of Marlon Brando's *Viva Zapata*, although it lacked the fine restraint of that Hollywood production. In one scene, the hero, one of Villa's captains, is trapped in a bell tower which the enemy is about to dynamite when he spies Villa's cavalry riding to his rescue. The audience cheered.

The second feature was a comedy called *Contigo ala Vistancia*, (With You to the End), starring popular actress Ana Berta Lepe, whose personality can best be compared with that of Debbie Reynolds. Miss Lepe was a spitfire tomboy through most of the picture, wearing cowboy pants and a plaid shirt.

The audience chuckled appreciatively throughout the film.

The owner of the Tampico, Abraham Gomez, is also president of the Mexican Chamber of Commerce here. The theater, which he opened in 1952, is named for his birthplace in Mexico.

He boasts that he has never had to call the police to quell a disturb-

ance. Once, he recalls, a fight was narrowly averted. Two men refused to stand as the United States flag was placed on the stage. Others in the audience were all set to beat up the unpatriotic ones when Gomez and the ushers hustled the two from their seats to the street, and advised them to get out of the neighborhood. "Must have been some of those Puerto Rican Nationalists," Gomez says in retrospect.

Gomez and the proprietors of the other Spanish-language theaters estimate their audience to be predominantly Mexican, with a small group of Puerto Ricans and a sprinkling of other Latin Americans. (All the foreign language theaters also report frequent attendance by high school and college language classes.)

Besides the Tampico, which is a first-run house, there are the Villa, at 320 south Halsted, which is the oldest Spanish-language theater in town, and the Gayete, located near the South Chicago shopping center and a couple of blocks from the city's oldest Mexican neighborhood. The Gayete boasts a Cinemascope screen and is impatiently waiting for the Mexican film industry to make a movie in that technique. The Kimbark, at 6240 Kimbark, shows Mexican films one night a week.

The movies shown at the Tampico compare favorably with the Hollywood product visually. Some of the performers were familiar through appearances in American movies. Pancho Villa, for instance, was portrayed by Pedro Armendariz. Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Montalban are others who are stars on both sides of the border.

Mexican movie stars make occasional personal appearance tours through the American Spanish-language theater circuit, and sometimes during fall and winter the theaters here may have a stage show as often as every two weeks. Among the most popular stars currently, all of whom have appeared here in person recently or will soon, are Miguel Aseves Mejia, a singer; Amalia Aguilar, a Cuban singer and dancer who became a top favorite in Mexico, and Lilia Del Galle, a dramatic actress who also sings.

Ninety-five per cent of the Spanish-language pictures shown here are Mexican. The other five per cent come from Spain, Argentina, Cuba and Venezuela.

The two chief distributors of Mexican films, Azteca and Clasa-Mohme, have Chicago offices. If a theater owner wants a picture from any other country, he must send to New York importers for it.

A few years ago, the foreign language theaters included Polish, Greek, Czech, Swedish, Hungarian and Chinese (the Sun-Sun theater at 26th and Wentworth). The Chinese, Czech, Hungarian and Polish theaters closed because the only pictures in their languages now are Red-made. The Swedish and Greek houses folded because business was poor.

The chief local authority on foreign films is Abe Teitel, president of A. Teitel Film company, founded in 1914. Teitel owns an art house, the World Playhouse, but his film company imports pictures for theaters throughout the Midwest. In the 30's Teitel owned the Studio theater on east Van Buren (now the Ziegfeld), as well as the World Playhouse. Both

theaters played foreign pictures exclusively as did a couple of other Loop houses—always using subtitles.

German and Swedish films were the big grossers in those days, Teitel recalls. Wednesday was always a good night because it was maid's night out. Most well-to-do families had German maids, and the really affluent had Swedish girls.

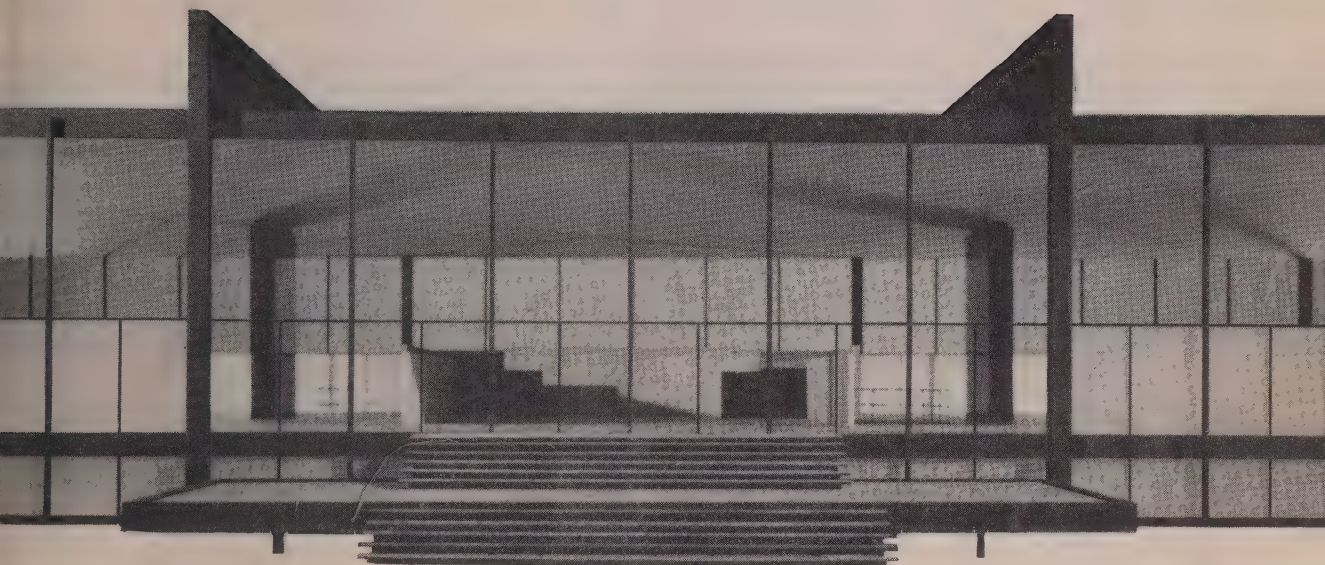
In spite of the fact that the Poles and Greeks were (and are) among the large foreign-language groups in the city, pictures in those languages never did any business in the Loop, Teitel says. His explanation: "Greeks and Poles don't go downtown. Germans, Swedes, Italians and Jews go downtown, but Greeks and Poles stick to their own neighborhoods."

On Cue

The boy with vulnerable lip who smiled farewell
(and bit it to the quick, contending war),
returns, long years of months, a man—to tell
nothing, no words explainable. The far
horizon moody misted in a rain
not wet, but dripped through ring and welcoming
with all events thereafter tinged with pain
of uncommunication, like the sting
a mother feels to tell a birth in vain.

He waits. She waits. The time, the certain time
will come. Someone with gold-discovery will sing
chords, chimes that bind the past with sure
recovery that they await. Oh, Thing,
Thou untranslatable, which traces pure
and dear transforming, makes the waiting rhyme
and brings a recognition into more
than mortal—how they watch and long to strive
toward more than birth, or death, to prove they were alive.

—Sheila Pritchard



PEOPLE WHO BUILD GLASS HOUSES

*a partisan of Mies van der Rohe reports new departures
in the use of glass and steel
as local architecture renews its great tradition*

For architects, Chicago is a good place to work. There is some peculiar intangible, some inherent quality in the environment, which has nurtured top men in the profession, stimulating them to produce first-rate work, and this has been going on now for three quarters of a century, which is a long, long time in America.

It is well known that the early buildings by Richardson, Sullivan, Jenney, Holabird, Root, Wright and many others are among the really meaningful foundations of modern architecture, but I wonder how many laymen actually look at these buildings now, exposing themselves to the visual experience, thinking of their aesthetic value or even their historical importance. Chicagoans tend towards nostalgia for such caste marks as those watered-down 18th-century English and French styles (called "Colonial"

in the older sections of North America); they tend to deprecate their own great, gray buildings and to over-emphasize the architectural value of charming Beacon Hill or Georgetown or the balconies of New Orleans. But Chicago is much too rugged to permit the pretty or the romantic except by accident or in detail.

This is an ugly city by traditional criteria, but then it can hardly be likened to traditional cities like Paris or London. Paris is like a beautiful exhibition; it is planned to display its monuments to their best advantage. London sprawls enormously, not unlike Chicago, but it has patina, which is the worn and ingratiating surface of age. Chicago should hardly be compared even with New York. The spirit of the two cities is too totally different, and this is evident in the physical results. New York is tightly con-

by A. James Speyer



Simplicity of structure carried to point of daring: the Commons building. Below, the building which will house schools of architecture, city planning and design, Mies-designed structures going up at 34th and State.



An old ambition of Mies—to build a simple functional home of glass and steel—is embodied in the pavilion-like house below. Several are scheduled to be built this year near Elmhurst and in Lake Bluff.



centrated, squeezed to verticality by the confluence of its two rivers. Chicago stretches on and on, the perimeter of a great lake and an unlimited beach. It transcends typing; it is in a category by itself. It is the biggest provincial city in the world, and it has a special beauty which is in harmony with that spirit and scale. It is evidently this which so galvanized Chicago architects in the past, and it must be the same today, because the architecture of the city now is as outstanding as it ever was 50 years ago—not all of it, but the quantity of distinguished work is less important than the quality of the most distinguished.

Before World War II, when I first visited here, architectural tours comprised the old buildings executed by the 19th-century Chicago school. These things were so impressive, so original and fine, that I suppose one scarcely stopped to reflect that there was almost nothing after their work—after World War I—which was exciting at all. The big buildings of the boom days of the twenties—the Palmolive building, for example—were no different than the same in New York and, like those—were over-scaled, blown-up sculptural monuments, ostentatious—and to that extent grand—but with no real understanding or idea of the skyscraper, of the new 20th-century aesthetic.

During World War II there was naturally very little building, but when people began to travel again, two or three years after V-J Day, the local architectural tour had changed itiner-

ary. The interested tourist with the architecturally educated eye continued to visit the old buildings, but there were significant new ones as well. Today there are so many new ones the visitor may find himself quite pressed to investigate the old buildings at all.

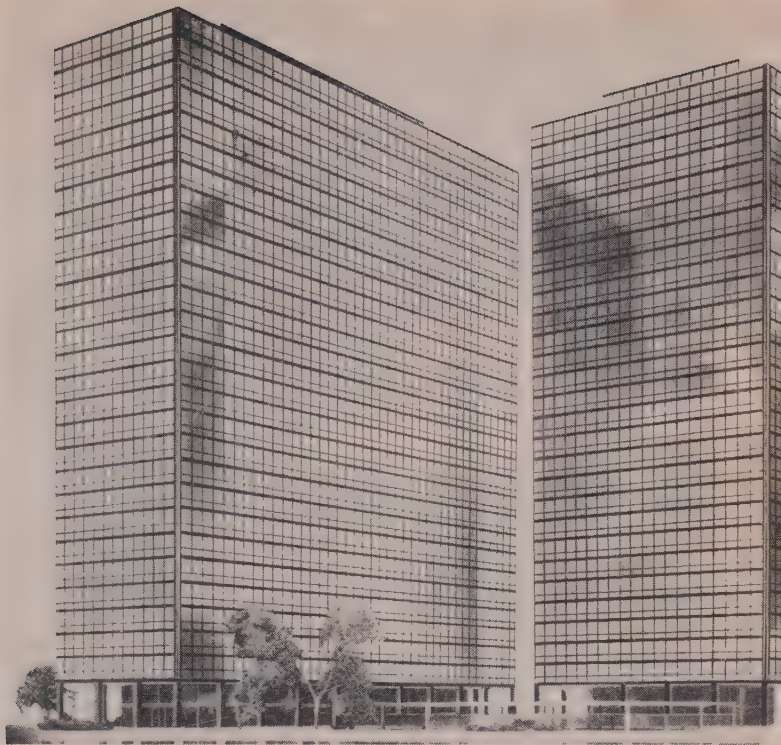
IN A CULTURAL MOVEMENT there is always a leader. In Chicago since World War II, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (called simply "Mies") has been this leader in architecture at Illinois Institute of Technology. Mies arrived from Germany in 1938. Henry Heald had the imagination at that time to give him a commission to design a new campus for the college. Slowly working away at this assignment, publishing occasional projects, gradually constructing buildings one by one in Chicago, and invariably exciting strong controversy with each of these architectural statements, Mies has made his influence felt more and more, locally and internationally until today he is acknowledged as the top in his profession, the "great master." For many, the principles which he has demonstrated provide stimulation to fine original work. On the other hand, he is copied without understanding, with deplorable results. Strong leaders have always created this situation, and in our own city we can see the same good and bad effects from the influence of Sullivan and Wright, the old masters.

Mies van der Rohe's thesis that a building's form should reflect its structure has been the most difficult of his tenets for both laymen and architects

to understand. This principle is now understood sufficiently to have entirely changed the appearance of most of our new buildings of any importance, but it was not easily assimilated. Mies uses steel or reinforced concrete as a material to be seen, not simply as a construction method to be covered arbitrarily with skins which rob it of its own special character. He uses steel as legitimately as the Gothic builders used stone, or the Greeks marble, or the Pennsylvania barnmakers wood. The trouble was that one was not used to *seeing* steel and concrete, and it was a shock here when Mies first put it to view. It had been forgotten that State street has its Reliance building or the old Carson Pirie Scott building, almost as totally nakedly glass as the famous "glass houses" which Mies built on the lake front.

These two apartment buildings at 860 Lake Shore drive are among the several most significant advances in today's architecture, particularly in the architecture of "tall buildings," or skyscrapers. Their influence is literally universal; there is scarcely an architect who plans a building of vertical proportions who can now afford to overlook their lesson. A skyscraper must be of so-called "skeleton" construction (steel or reinforced concrete). There is no other practical structural system. The architect must, then, use this skeleton as the basis for a harmonious exterior form—as the human body harmoniously reflects its bone structure—or he must disregard it completely. A building need not

Other architects no longer
throw stones at glass houses
Mies designed for 860 Lake
Shore drive; two more are
going up next door to it and
another pair in the
2800 block on Sheridan road.



always be sheathed in glass; there are other solutions equally good which have been found and which will continue to be developed, but certainly this frame should not be covered in some arbitrary fashion to resemble something which it absolutely is not, e.g., anachronistic examples such as the University club or the Sheraton hotel.

The use of glass seems a matter of the architect's personal interpretation of a problem, and there is much to be said one way and the other. Mies is particularly fascinated by it. He is now building four new apartment buildings for Herbert Greenwald—two adjoin the present "glass houses" and two are in the 2800 block on Sheridan road. Both of these spectacular groups will have new and extremely desirable features as glass dwellings: tinted glass to reduce glare and air conditioning to control heat. The tinted (gray) glass should be particularly handsome in the Sheridan road group, in contrast with the silver color of an aluminum skin structure. (In an air-conditioned building, it is not necessary to open windows and, unless windows are opened, the coloring of the glass which is slight and subtle would not be recognized from the interior). The total composition of four buildings—the two older structures at 860 Lake Shore and the two new ones next door at 900—will be a magnificent addition to the lake-front.

Much the same usage of glass is found in the new housing subdivision which Mies has designed for Robert

H. McCormick jr., to be built for sale in the Lake Bluff countryside. Here, the low, one-story buildings promise to have the quality of pavilions, close to the ground, opening with least interruption of walls to the pleasant site. The arrangement of these buildings on the property should be noted, the irregular but carefully composed staggering which is such a happy departure from the mechanical placement in most speculative projects.

MANY CHICAGOANS have never visited the Illinois Institute of Technology's campus, located more or less remotely as it is at 33rd and State. It is in the heart of what used to be total and seemingly ineradicable slums. Such a visit can be recommended both as a lesson in what can be accomplished to revive a debased urban area, and to see the surprising number of buildings completed there by Mies to date. Just finished are three excellent apartment houses, for faculty and students, and a large Commons building. In process is the new home of the architecture, city planning and design departments. It is unfortunate that the new building and landscaping has not all been achieved in one area where it can be appreciated *in toto*.

Obviously, this is impossible, as the school must retain its old buildings until they are replaced. However, there are some vantage points from which the vista gives a real feeling of what this ambitious project will be when finally realized. The Commons building is particularly elegant, of black steel, buff brick and large areas of

glass. This has Mies' characteristically sleek surface and refined proportions. Unhappily, the interior space has been spoiled to a large extent by a poor choice of commercial fittings and furniture which were not selected by the architect.

Mies van der Rohe's office should be considered more as a small studio, a special laboratory where one man does his own individual research and development. On the other hand, there is today's phenomenon, the enormous and international architectural office, of which the firm of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill is an eminent case in point. The general level of ideas and their execution by this firm is impressive. Its newest large project, a 19-story skyscraper office building for Inland Steel company, is an exceptionally fine example of the firm's best work. To be constructed on the northeast corner of Dearborn and Monroe streets very soon, it implements for the first time in high buildings a new idea for office space.

Instead of constructing rows of interior columns which interrupt clear floor areas for desks, file cabinets and room division, the architects have placed all columns outside the building, leaving the floor entirely clear. In a tall building, such things as elevators, stair wells, plumbing lines and air-conditioning vents interrupt the floors in the same way columns do. In the Inland building, these have been concentrated in a separate tower, inclosed entirely in stainless steel, which is connected to the office building by a bridge on each floor. There



First Universalist Church by Schweikher and Elting (below) contains cheerful classroom for Sunday school (above) in addition to church proper.



are only 14 columns supporting the entire large building, which is approximately 175 feet by 60 feet, with all of them on the outside of the glass line. The shimmering transparent prism of blue (sun reducing) glass and stainless steel will contrast brilliantly with the less reflective windowless surface of the steel "service tower."

One might only question the juxtaposition in such a tight space. The building is perhaps not sufficiently large to carry two such strong elements, and the effect of the contrasting volumes may well be lost in the tightness of surrounding buildings. The ground floor of the office building is open, with a recessed, glass-enclosed lobby which will be used to exhibit works of art, visible from outside as well as in. The porch, formed by the overhanging volume of the building and the 14 strong, exposed columns, should be most impressive.

One might interpolate here that there appears to be a particular curiosity about the exposure of columns under a large building: "Why do architects raise the mass of their buildings on so-called 'stilts'?" This is primarily a visual problem: it is simply a way of reducing the visual weight of a mass, and at the same time emphasizing the visual lightness of a skeletal structure. Functionally it provides a protection from the weather, very much like a vestibule or porch. It has been done throughout architectural history, in all parts of the world, always for very much the same reasons.

We might ponder also this effect

on the passer-by, or even the occupant of a skyscraper building in the heart of a great city.

WHO CAN SEE, EVEN WITH neck-craning, a detail of a building more than 30 or 40 feet above the street? And there is not much time for neck-craning on city streets. It is the impression of the ground floor which counts most and usually, in the big buildings we know, it is only the main entrance which registers. Beyond the impression of the ground floor, a skyscraper is seen in general mass, from a distance. I have always been fascinated, riding the El around the Loop, to see to what extent the architects lavished attention on details of upper parts of huge buildings, none of which can be seen except with difficulty from the windows of adjacent properties. The ornament is usually entirely out of scale with the skyscraper. It is borrowed from or inspired by ancient monuments and is lost on the remote surfaces of today's towering walls. One could not, for example, put the front of a great Gothic cathedral in the dense part of a modern city and expect it to mean anything. The richness of the cathedral's ornament was contingent on its relationship to the large square in which it was placed, and from which it could be seen at a properly controlled distance. In the Inland Steel building, as in Mies' apartment houses, the surface above ground is uniform, quiet, elegant and the street level invites a passer-by's interest in the most provocative manner. Commercially this has the same

Architects from all over the country look to new IIT buildings for design lessons. Below is exterior of Commons.



value as the show window in a department store and is worth an inestimable amount of advertising.

Mies' buildings and the projected Inland Steel building by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill are, I think, the most important, architecturally, of all the new work in the city. But there is a large and strong and good movement which goes well beyond these especially notable examples.

For instance, there is a new church at 83rd and Ingleside, now being completed by its architects, Schweikher and Elting. It is an unusually agreeable solution to the architecture of ecclesiastical buildings. Until very recently, all religious buildings were invariably typed—Medieval, Renaissance, Byzantine. Very slowly, here and abroad, congregations led by enlightened ministers have risked near-sacrilege and built houses of worship in untraditional form. Why is it that 20th-century man is particularly reluctant to give his churches a 20th-century expression? The development of the Christian churches of Europe has never impressed us as peculiar. To name the great styles of architecture in history is to name the architecture of the churches of those periods and, usually, the churches were the outstanding examples of a new architectural movement.

There are now a number of local churches in a contemporary manner, ranging from the most elaborate, ostentatious and bombastic to almost ranch style lean-to's. Schweikher and Elting's little Universalist church is modest, completely free of old forms,

Picture credits: pages 47-49 and page 50, right, Hedrich-Blessing; page 50, left (2), Stephen Lewellyn; page 51, top, Hedrich-Blessing, bottom, Don Bronstein.



One of the finest achievements of famous local firm of architects, Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, is new Loop skyscraper projected for Inland Steel.

A familiar sight to riders on north side stretch of Lake Shore drive has been the projecting floors of apartment building by Milton M. Schwartz, also constructed wholly of glass and reinforced concrete.



appropriately cheerful and entirely dignified. It is a steel and brick construction with two elements composed on each side of a private open court. The church is on one side, the Sunday school classrooms on the other. The court is screened from the street by a high wall of openwork brick which avoids oppressive weight in the rather narrow space, yet gives privacy and removal. It is apparent that every economy was practiced, yet the simple materials and pleasant space should stimulate those who do not feel that a congregation is measured by the richness of its house.

There are many new apartment buildings in the city other than those discussed; they range from low-cost public housing to the most luxurious private apartments. Their architectural quality varies widely and not, necessarily, in relation to the economic level of occupancy.

A particularly interesting concept is implemented in the new building by Milton M. Schwartz on Oakdale near Lake Shore drive. Unlike Mies' buildings, with smooth outer walls relieved only by the projecting lines of the skin structure, or mullions, Schwartz has projected each horizontal slab, or floor plane, to create an overhang and sunshade for the windows below. His building is reinforced concrete, with entirely glass walls, and it has a totally different effect from the sheer planes of glass in the other buildings. In many ways the glass is emphasized by this treatment; it does not form a volume, or envelope, but stresses the multi-tiered structure of the building.

Interesting as Schwartz's building might be, it is regrettable that it should be squeezed on its site. A tower proportion such as this requires space. The great, overhanging plane which forms a marquee, or entrance loggia, cannot be effective in crowded quarters. The idea of the form, the symmetry and height of the entrance are too important for just another building on a lot on a side street. However, if it is not entirely successful, it is impressive still as a serious effort, giving every evidence of having been conscientiously studied, and there is an originality which seems sincere—not just an attempt to be arbitrarily different. Some months ago, before completion, the entire tower was illuminated every night; it was a spectacular effect, visible for miles along the outer drive. The 20 horizontal planes floating lightly, one above the other, brilliantly contrasting with the night sky, achieved the same drama as the illuminated white walls of the Wrigley building, but with entirely different effect: in the former, the building gives off the light; in the latter it receives it from outside. It seems curious that more use is not made of this most effective promotional scheme.

The purpose of this article is to stimulate architectural observation. Altogether, there is much good, there is much bad, and a mighty volume of work. There is a vigorous, full-blown new surge of architecture here, and the educated eye of the citizen is among the best assurances of its continued growth and culture.

design: Joe Phelan



Even before her leg was healed they called for her in droves.

It's All in the Training

Four years ago this summer, my neighbor Jim caught me mowing the lawn.

"C'mere," he said with wary eyes and he led me to his car. I thought he had a jug in it. "My wife won't let me have 'em both. How about you taking one?"

Two cute little puppies were curled in a box, asleep and smelly.

"Bird dogs," Jim said. "German short-hair pointers. Pedigree and all that. Want one?"

I once had had a dog so I hesitated. It had been like a wife to me, always wanting to go out when I wanted to sleep.

"No, Jim, I once had a dog."

"Best hunting blood you could get. From Baron von Schliebner out of Grafen Hildegard Wittenberg um Laufzeitung."

"A foreigner? No, Jim, I don't even want an American dog."

But he knew my weakness. "Look, it won't cost you a dime."

"Hmmm . . . What're they worth?"

"Worth?" Jim was enthusiastic. "A real trained German short-hair is worth a hundred bucks—two hundred bucks—more than that . . ."

I looked at them again. Dogs are like children and I'd trained two of my own kids to keep quiet while I took a nap. It should be easy.

Then Jim gave me the clincher. "If you take the female, I'll tell my wife you bought 'em and gave me one."

That did it. Around our Happy Hearth Estates the neighbors would

How can one call a spayed dog a spayed when the males of Happy Hearth Estates pursue her anyhow—even as she pursues any man in any uniform?

by Victor Ullman

single me out as quite a sportsman, giving away pedigreed hunting dogs. I would become a figure in the community.

FOUR YEARS AGO Happy Hearth Estates was a typical suburb, just as it is today. We all lived comfortably beyond our means, were good neighbors and united in ganging up on the Harrisons because they had two cars. The difference today is that they gang up on me because I have a dog. I don't think it's fair because the Harrisons still have two cars.

Anyhow, when I announced that we must choose a name, my brilliant son, then nine, bellowed: "I know. We'll call her Leopard 'cause she's got spots and is so fierce."

"Son," I said firmly, "when you are a little older you will learn that the obvious is common. Great men are those who search and strive for the unusual. When I was your age . . ."

"You won a Junior Achievement Award," he interrupted with scant respect.

"Quiet," I roared and patted the puppy on the nose. "I hereby name thee Spotty."

My wife cackled as though somebody had laid a nice, fresh egg. My son snorted liquidly, the result of a reverse sinal drip. But my daughter? Bless her. The child stood there, mouth wide open and drooling in adoration.

"Gee, I betcha nobody ever called a dog Spotty."

SPOTTY DISPLAYED her unusual hunting characteristics very early. She could find the lawn seed under the hardest rolled surfaces. The neighbors never understood that a hunting dog instinctively investigates both below and above the surface, like the navy.

The police, too, were ignorant of dog psychology. I explained to them that it was never the man Spotty was after, it was the uniform. As I told the postal inspectors, she never bit postmen during the Christmas season because they were usually substitutes and not in uniform.

But do you think I could explain the principles of dog training to the police? The police mind could never absorb it. After each complaint, they sent a patrolman dressed in his official blues. Isn't that ridiculous?

Despite these obstacles, Spotty responded well to training. Obey? One shriek from my wife and she gets off the clean sheets. All I have to do is snap my fingers and she quits chewing the sofa pillows.

Actually, though my wife disagrees with me, our only training problem with Spotty was due to sex. She was a very precocious dog, very advanced for her age. She was romantic by nature and cooperative by habit. All the male dogs would call for her at dawn with a chorus of merry invitations to come out and play. She would lick my wife's face affectionately and my wife would kick me out of bed and I would kick Spotty out the back door.



Spotty was supine and lifeless . . .

There they would welcome her and dash madly around Happy Hearth Estates. They made noises of a happy family at play.

The newspaper complained about wild dogs menacing life and property. It caused all kinds of clamor. The Family Association had a meeting and I stormed out because they wouldn't let me explain that the newspaper was all wrong.

What actually happened was this. One morning young Arthur Robbins was delivering his papers. He was wearing his Boy Scout uniform. Well, you know what happened. Arthur got away but his merchandise got all chewed up. The whole thing was exaggerated next day by the paper. I told the editor that. I pointed out that there had been small loss because the paper never had any news in it, anyway. He hung up on me, which indicates how touchy the newspapers are about constructive criticism.

IT DIDN'T END there. The Family Association sent Harrison over to see me. They'd passed a resolution.

"You've heard about the birds and the bees?" he asked me. I listened eagerly because I could use a new joke at our next smoker. "The male is irresistibly drawn to the female

and vice versa. Vice flourishes. Your dog is a female. Our dogs are males. That's why we can't get any sleep. We want you to have Spotty spayed."

"Harrison," I said, "I am a good citizen. If the majority has decided that Spotty must be spayed, she will be spayed. Incidentally, what is spaying?"

The vet, who was deeply indebted to me, rather rudely reminded me that I was still obligated for Spotty's de-worming bill. My dog had enabled him to report in the Veterinarian's Journal his discovery of more worms than in any dog on record, plus a bonus of one worm not even classified by science. Still he wouldn't cancel the bill.

"Besides, it would be a sin to spay such a highly-bred bird dog," he said. "If matched properly, she could improve the breed."

"But Spotty loves all breeds and she loves to breed."

"All right, all right," he gave in. "It will cost you fifteen dollars, anesthetist's fees, laboratory costs and post-operative care. In advance. I would advise two weeks in a rest home afterwards, but that is optional."

"I . . . I'll think it over," I told him, my heart suddenly filled with pity. What harm was she doing? Let the male dogs restrain themselves. There should be no double standard. So I hesitated, for about a month, and Harrison came to see me again. The Family Association had passed another resolution.

Finally, fate took the decision out of my hands. One dawn Spotty went off with the boys. In about three minutes there was such an uproar I couldn't sleep. Nobody on the block could. All of Happy Hearth was out on the street, looking ridiculous in bathrobes and overnight beards. Spotty was in the street, supine and lifeless except for a continuous whine. The neighbors were laughing happily and it was difficult to find out what had happened.

It seemed the milkman had finally made it. Straight as an arrow he had driven his truck down the street and nailed Spotty, something he had been trying to do for weeks. Actually, can you see the sense in a milkman wearing a uniform?

"Well, well," Mrs. Thorndike chuckled to my wife. "Now she'll have to be shot, like they do to a horse when he breaks a leg."

"I'll get my gun," Harrison yelled.

I picked up the poor animal and headed for the vet, who resented being awakened, but he was not too sleepy to ask: "Got the money for the worms?"

Then he said as he counted the

money, "Right rear broken, have to give her an anesthetic."

I think pretty quickly. "If you have to do that, why not spay her at the same time?"

"A beautiful hunting dog like that?"

"Well, after all, it does seem a waste, doesn't it? But if you have to give her an anesthetic anyway . . . ?"

I'm sorry to report that our sacrifice was in vain. The neighbors still resented Spotty. Basically, I believe their resentment resulted from the fact that nothing changed. The boys still liked Spotty and she liked them. Even before her leg healed, they were calling for her in droves.

THE NEXT SUMMER we drove to New England through Canada. Canadians are wonderful people and they make delicious ale but don't believe all that "good neighbor" propaganda.

Canadian Customs guards wear uniforms. My bright son let Spotty out of the car. Well, you'd think I was smuggling a secret weapon. They made me sign an affidavit that I would not leave Spotty in Canada.

At Buffalo, the United States Customs guards wear uniforms, too, and I can assure you that all was not peaceful at the Peace bridge.

"Isn't Chicago a part of the United States?" I demanded, irritated by their prying questions. "That is where I was born."

"Mister," one of them said, "these are difficult times. Anybody who owns such a vicious dog might be a subversive character. My advice to you is to turn around and go back where you came from."

That made me angry. "Listen, you bureaucrat, I can get your job. I'm not without influence back home. I'm

illustrated by Jean Martin



Spotty stood posing with chicken in jaw

a precinct captain in the 24th ward, you know."

"Okay, let him by," the chief guard sighed. "I can tell he's a born-and-bred American citizen."

The first morning after we reached New England—a friend had loaned us a cottage there—my wife pushed me out of bed. "Go see where Spotty is. She went out the screen door without opening it."

I didn't mind getting up. The piney, fragrant mountain air was like wine. A hint of the sun came over the mountain and birds were chirping in the distance.

"Listen to those birds," I said. "They're so happy to be alive."

"They want to stay that way, too. They're chickens and I think Spotty is after them."

As I climbed the hill, dew soaked my canvas sneakers and wet branches slapped my face, scattering chill drops on my shirt. I didn't mind.

But I did mind being shot at.

A man who looked like a farmer was aiming a shotgun at Spotty. When he spied me through his gun-sight, he demanded: "Who're you?"

"I . . . we're staying at the cottage. My friend . . ."

"I was warned about you. Git back over that fence an' stay outa the way till I shoot that dog."

I wanted to. But Spotty thought it was a game and stayed right with me. I ran to some low bushes.

"Git outa my 'sparagus," the man shouted.

I kicked Spotty on the nose, wishing the man would fire, and I ran to a level spot. I tripped on some vines.

"Git outa my strawberries."

I ran to another spot, Spotty bounding merrily with me. She leaped to a section of newly-turned earth.

"Git outa my beets."

I grabbed Spotty's collar and stood at bay. I watched the approach of the lethal character. I was out of breath.

The man's right hand twitched on the trigger guard.

"Mister, take that there hound back over the fence an' don't let him come back. This is my farm an' I ain't givin' the run of it to no resorters."

He took his hand off the business part of the gun so I felt I should give him a piece of my mind.

"Listen, you country . . ." His hand went back to the trigger . . . "you . . . you country people ought to be neighborly. My dog has never seen a chicken before, except a la king, so she is curious. Besides, if she kills one, I'll pay for it." That's how upset I was. "I mean, if it can't be cooked." This did not impress him. "And . . . and I'll buy our eggs from you. Our

milk too. Say, got any fresh vegetables?"

"Wal, some. Tell ye what, ye seem all right for a resorter. First chicken the dog kills is on me. Rest of 'em, you pay. That fair?"

I pumped his gun hand up and down.

"Tell ye what," he continued. "Chicken-killin' dogs kin be cured. First one she kills, tie the chicken 'round her neck so's she kin smell it but not chew it. Keep it on her neck a coupla days an' that'll cure her."

It seemed like a waste of good chicken but by the time I'd finished thanking him I'd bought four quarts of milk, two dozen eggs, some spinach, lettuce, blueberries, strawberries and a bottle of hard cider of which he drank most.



I grabbed her collar and stood at bay.

Then, one afternoon it happened. I was dozing in the sun waiting for my farmer friend to come back with a fresh bottle of hard cider for which he charged me double the price of Scotch. I was completely at peace with myself. In the distance the chickens clucked contentedly so Spotty probably was out digging seed. The children were probably lost in the woods and could not be back for hours.

Suddenly my son's voice sounded from the barn. He has a remarkable range, from a liquid high C to a mucous low A. My daughter came running with him. I looked them both over and shuddered.

"Spotty killed a chicken," the boy blubbered. "Look." He pointed to the rock fence where Spotty stood, posing for all the world to see the chicken in her jaws, head and wings hanging lifeless.

"Don't just stand there," I shouted to my progeny. "Get her off that wall before the farmer comes back."

There was no need. At the sound of my voice Spotty leaped to the

ground and pranced toward me. She lay the chicken at my feet and wagged her tail for approval. I wondered if my wife had started supper yet.

"Quick. We'll have to hide it." Then I remembered. He'd said the first one would be on the house. I tied the chicken as the farmer had instructed and draped it from Spotty's neck. She lay down and rested her chin on the bird.

"I want you all to keep away from her," I admonished my family. "We must make her feel her guilt. Nobody is to pet her or feed her. Look, she feels guilty already."

Spotty raised her head and tears streamed from her eyes. Both children cried and my wife hissed, "You beast." Spotty sneezed. A feather had tickled her nose.

I was thinking of the cost of countless chickens, when I heard the rumble of the farmer's voice behind me.

"Brought the eggs. They gone up a nickel."

I swung about.

"Did you listen to the market quotations on the radio like I said?"

"Yep. That's how I found out I was chargin' a nickel too little."

"But those quotations include freight, warehousing and all handling costs."

But he was staring at the dog horrified. "What . . . what're you tryin' to do? Ruin a good bird dog? She won't never hunt birds again if you do that." He knelt down and untied the bird. "If you don't want this here dog give her away, sell her, but don't go ruinin' her."

Again my wife hissed, "You beast." My son uncorked one of his snorts, utilizing all the adenoids.

"Wait a while. I did exactly as you told me . . . Say, you trying to charge me for this chicken? You said the first one was on the house."

"Who's talkin' 'bout chickens? Takes a real trained dog to catch her a fat, speckled hen grouse like this 'un. Hard enough to flush 'em, let alone catch a grouse."

"That . . . that's a grouse?"

"Sure is." He thought a moment and the calculating look came back. "That's a pretty good bird dog, mister. Might even buy her from you if the price is right."

For a moment I thought of the price. Jim had started at a hundred dollars. But my wife interrupted.

"No."

I gulped. "Me sell that dog?" I laughed hollowly. "A good bird dog like that who can catch a grouse? Not on your life, mister. I just got her trained."

Racquets: Socialites Cherish an Old Gaol-birds' Game

by Richard Dunlop

Jeff Atkins, the world's open racquets champion, is playing in his home court at the Racquet Club of Chicago, over at Dearborn and Schiller streets. He cuts the ball against the playing wall at a streaking 120 miles per hour. The ball cracks back at his hard-fighting opponent, who desperately smacks it back against the wall.

"Play, play-eh, play-eh. Side out! Nine, three," shouts the club professional, Tony Bertolotti, marking from the gallery to the rear of the court. Each exchange takes less than a second. The players catapult about the court slashing the white pellet with sizzling precision. They are careful to keep out of the way of the ball, which is like a miniature baseball. Traveling at the speed it does, it can knock out

an eye or fracture your skull with ease.

Bertolotti drops a fresh ball into play. Sometimes, in a championship match, a new ball will last only a serve. It loses its shape and elasticity. Often 50 balls will be used in a match.

"Play-eh! Play-eh! Side out!"

Atkins has the serve again. The scoring in racquets resembles that in handball. When a player hits the ball against the 27-inch board which is at the bottom of the 30-foot front wall or above the play line or if the ball fails to reach the front wall before it touches the floor, he loses the rally. Also, he must return the ball before it hits the playing floor on a second bounce. If he is serving and loses a rally, he loses the serve. He has to be serving when he wins a rally or he

can't score any points at this time.

Atkins' serve hits just above the service line on the front wall and hurtles back to strike the floor in back of the short line. It pitches on to the side wall, shoots around the corner and bites off the back wall so close to the floor that the other player can only stab futilely at it. Atkins, like all racquets champions, has a slashing serve of deadly accuracy, and he takes many of his points by aces without the other fellow even touching the ball.

"Play-eh. Fifteen, four!" shouts the marker.

The 15 points give Atkins the game. His opponent shakes his head in a dazed fashion, looks about the court as if he half expects to see the ball still zinging like an angry hornet past his ears, and grins. At least he's had the experience of playing the game's top player, which can't help boosting his own game. Just as in tennis, it sharpens a fellow's playing to reach way over his head. That's why the presence of Jeff Atkins in Chicago is fast improving the calibre of play at the Racquet Club and at the University club as well.

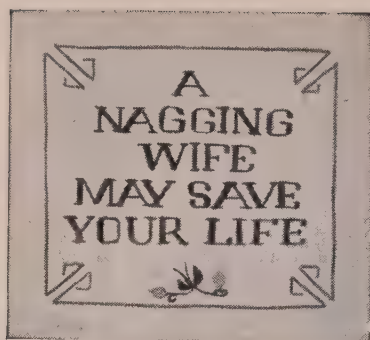
Atkins, like many of the outstanding players of the game, is an Englishman. William Wood Prince, a racquet player of no mean distinction himself, persuaded the brilliant 27-year-old to take a job in Chicago. Here he can follow in the footsteps of Charles Williams, another Englishman, who brought the world championship to the local club when he was the head professional there in the late twenties.

As a matter of fact, most of the world champions have been English. A Parsee from India and a few Amer-



Fred Countiss photo

Jeff Atkins, world's racquets champion, addresses rebound on home court at Racquet Club of Chicago.



IF YOU ARE OVER 45 and your wife keeps insisting that you should have two chest x-rays every year... don't blame her. *Thank* her! Semi-annual chest x-rays are the best "insurance" you can have against death from lung cancer.

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icans have managed to grasp the title in the past, but for the most part the English have dominated the play. This is mostly because youngsters at the public schools of England have ample opportunity to become proficient at the sport. In America there aren't many places where the game can even be played, and teen-age players are rare indeed.

It doesn't come as a surprise to learn that the game also originated in England. Racquets, known to some as the game of the Anglo-Saxon aristocracy, incongruously, first was played in Fleet Prison, London. Back in the 18th century, debtors batted the ball against a wall in an open court to break up the cheerless monotony of imprisonment. Dickens readers will recall the first exact description of the game on record. In the *Pickwick Papers* where Smangle is jailed in Fleet Prison, the prisoners have quite a rousing game of racquets. Interestingly enough, the first world's champion, Robert Mackey, picked up the game in the prison yard while his fellows cheered from the walls.

RACQUETS NEXT POPPED up in open courts jerry-built for the purpose behind taverns and pothouses. Some of the English stars of today still recall when there was play at places such as the Bull near London. In 1822 racquets acquired respectability when courts were erected at Harrow. Soon luxurious racquet clubs sprang up in London, and from these clubs Britons carried the game to the far corners of the British Empire. Argentina and the United States also rapidly took up the game with plenty of vim if not enough skill to wrest the championship from the English.

Not only did the English dominate the game, but they also held something of a monopoly on construction of the courts. By regulation these are 60 feet long by 30 feet wide and 30 feet high. The walls are finished by the Bickley firm of London with a special composition which prevents sweating and unevenness. Marvelously these walls stand up under the rifling of the balls. Sometimes a reddish tint is added to lighten the floors and often the walls are touched with black pigment. It helps the players avoid painful collisions.

Now McNulty Brothers, the Chicago plastering contractors, have learned the art of maintaining the walls of racquet courts. English technicians who once junketed to American cities just for this purpose are no longer needed.

Also, the English used to be the only ones who knew just how to make the racquet balls. Some of these balls are a hundred years old. The strips of

cloth wound tightly around each other to make up the core of the ball could have been cut from the cast-off uniforms of regiments which fought in the Crimea. The cloth cores are closely bound with twine, which is covered with a white adhesive tape. The whole thing is about an inch in diameter. In the old days the British politely kept the hardest balls for their own demonic play, shipped those not quite so hard to the United States and relegated the squashy ones to India.

When after a violent rally the ball is tossed out of the game, it is employed for practice. Formerly, when it was too nicked for any further play, it was sent back to England where it was lovingly recovered by Jeffries Mallings and his firm in an old two-story house in Woolwich. The same ball was in this way used over and over. Now, alas for English supremacy! Americans have learned to cover the balls, although methods for rebuilding them entirely still defy American know-how.

The 30-inch racquets used in the game are also of British design, of course. These are circular-headed with a diameter of seven to eight inches. They are tightly strung with a rugged gut somewhat heavier than that in the common tennis racket. Even so, when an off balance player gives the hurtling ball a lusty whack he may very well break his racquet.

But it doesn't matter much, of course, just where the balls are covered or the finish for the courts compounded. The game remains unchanged. It puts the same high premium on physical endurance as ever. It still can claim to be one of the fastest games on earth, ranking with ice hockey or jai alai. Oddly enough, despite the toughness it requires of a player, it is a game in which men of 30 or 40 most often are the victors. An older man's skilled anticipation of the ball and generalship usually more than off-set a younger man's greater agility. And young men are overeager.

Yet these days something has gone out of the game. Some say the play has grown too democratic. Why, there may even be public racquets courts yet! Perhaps what is lacking today is the stiff upper lip as exemplified in an account taken from the old records of the Montreal Racquet Club.

Major Erle of the British Army was engaged in a vicious rally when the flying ball hit him full in the eye socket. The eyeball dropped on the floor at his feet. Clapping his hands to his face, the doughty Briton turned to the spectators in the gallery with a stiff-lipped grin.

"The ladies won't look at me now," he said.



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add sole, 2 chopped shallots, 6 large
shrimp, about 4 oz. lobster meat,
6 raw oysters, and 4 large fresh
mushroom caps.

Season with salt.

Cover with white wine and juice of
one lemon.

Place buttered wax paper over the
skillet, and let the mixture come to
a boil.

Place in oven (for approx. 15 min.)
to finish.

Remove from oven.

Place sole in baking dish.

Fill with shrimp, lobster and oyster
mixture.

Top with mushrooms and truffles.

Knead butter and flour and thicken
your fish stock.

Allow to boil.

Add two tablespoons of whipped
cream and two tablespoons holland-
aise sauce to fish sauce.

Cover fish with above mixture and
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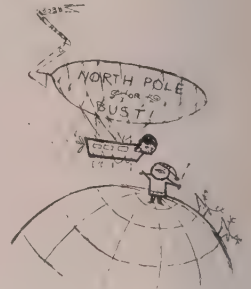
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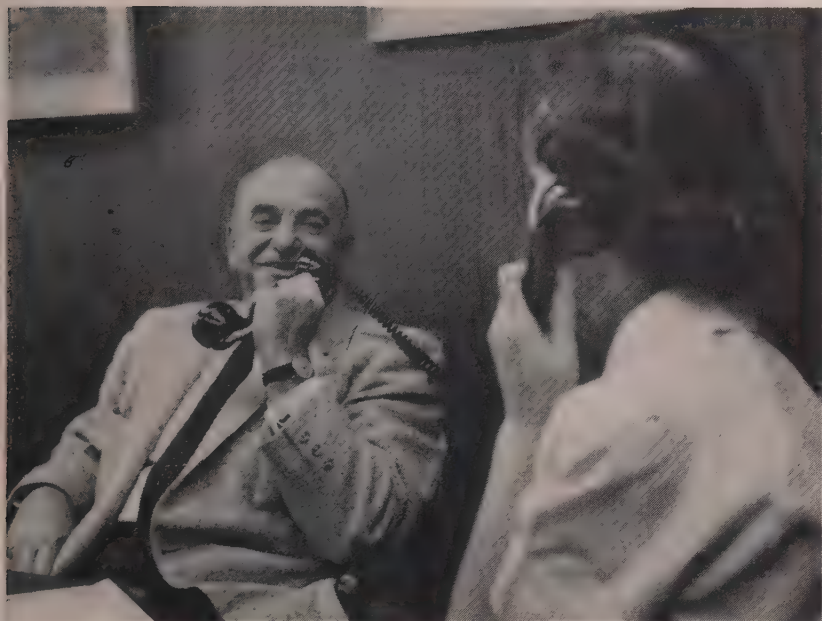
75 YEARS AGO. In January, 1881, the first houses were occupied in the village being built by the Pullman Palace-Car company around its factories near Lake Calumet . . . The Chicago Jewelers association held its annual banquet at the Palmer House. After toasting the city and the nation, the gem dealers **raised their glasses** to "commercial integrity, the great bulwark of success" and "the jewelry trade of the Northwest" . . . The **game of racquets** was played here for the first time as suitable courts were opened in a building on Michigan avenue . . . A whale was being exhibited in the Exposition building at Michigan and Adams . . . The city's first nursing school was being organized.

50 YEARS AGO. The first Marshall Field; William Rainey Harper, president of the University of Chicago since its founding, and Philip Henrici, the restaurant owner, all died in January, 1906. So did Mrs. Fannie Epstein, who lived near Maxwell street but had been an eye-witness to Napoleon's march on Moscow. She was **114 years old** . . . Frank Noyes, editor of the "Record-Herald," assigned his Washington correspondent, Walter Wellman, to build a dirigible and **fly it to the North Pole** . . . Jonathan A. Monroe, a cattle buyer at the stockyards, became a father for the 27th time. Fifteen of his children were living, eleven of them in the family home at 44th and Emerald.



25 YEARS AGO. All seven candidates for the mayoral nominations announced their **opposition to Prohibition** in January, 1931 . . . Nine passengers in one automobile were killed as it was hit by a train at a Grand Trunk crossing in Harvey . . . A \$50,000 fire swept the **Baha'i temple** under construction in Wilmette . . . F. Edson White, president of Armour & Co., was killed when he had a fainting spell and fell through a window of his seventh floor apartment on Scott street . . . Governor Louis Emmerson called for a constitutional amendment to reapportion the legislature, giving Cook county control of one house, and allowing downstate to continue domination of the other.

*Jonas Mayer aids the handicapped
directly and by example, while making
a career of drying the nation's hands.*



photograph by Don Bronstein

DEAF in five languages

by Joseph N. Bell

A new secretary at the American Linen Supply company on Rush street tilted a desk lamp to reduce the glare at a conference. She was startled when the man presiding told her brusquely: "Turn that light up again. It's so dark in here I can't hear a damned thing."

The speaker meant what he said. In the light, he was a match for the businessmen facing him across his desk. In the gloom, he was at a disadvantage. For Jonas Mayer listens with his eyes.

Joe Mayer has been virtually stone deaf since an aircraft accident shattered his auditory nerve in France during World War I. Despite this affliction, he has been labeled by a sales management conference as one of the ten top salesmen in the country: he can read lips in five languages and speak eight, including Japanese and two Chinese dialects, and he has earned a considerable personal fortune—all since he lost his hearing.

He lip-reads television, attends the opera and lip-reads the singing through binoculars. "A tenor may be lousy, but they all sound like Caruso to me."

Once Mayer even rumbaed his way to a gold cup in a dance contest. To incredulous observers he explained, "I just watch the other dancers to get the rhythm and the beat of the music. Only trouble is, I sometimes find myself dancing after the music has stopped if I'm not alert."

Jonas Mayer went into World War I a completely normal young college graduate of above average intelligence who felt keenly the lure of adventure. He came out with a shattered jaw, a game leg and, for all practical purposes, no hearing.

Thousands of men have faced similar problems and conquered them with varying degrees of success. But probably few attacked it in the manner that Mayer did. He deliberately sought out the field in which deafness would be the greatest detriment. Selling appeared to meet this qualification admirably, so, although it was entirely foreign to his previous training and interest, Mayer became a textile salesman.

For a number of years in the early 20's, he beat the streets with his sample case in one hand and a similar, heavier case containing hearing aid batteries in the other. These early instruments were crude, ponderous affairs which required a huge power plant and earphones similar to those worn today by pilots. He became an object of some curiosity whenever he appeared on the street—a sort of Roaring 20's spaceman. Children used to follow him and inquire what it was all about.

During this same period, Mayer

crossed paths with a young man named Frank Steiner who had an idea. He saw tremendous possibilities in a new gadget called a continuous towel cabinet, and was busy planning some modifications in it.

Mayer joined forces with Steiner, who was associated with the already long-established American Linen Supply company, a far-flung operation which manufactures, supplies and services uniforms and linens for commercial and other organizations all over the world. Through the company, these two young men virtually wrapped the world in continuous towels. That cleanliness is next to godliness in the minds of the owners of the American Linen Supply company, is attested to by the wearing apparel of the office secretaries and bookkeepers. They are, uniformly, clad in antiseptic white gowns.

Mayer is responsible for the training and sales operations of more than 1,100 salesmen in 43 American cities and 18 foreign ones. He speaks frequently before sales management groups where he is billed as an expert in sales technique—not as a freak success.

Mayer admits freely that he makes a good salesman partly because he is never able to hear the customer say no.

Mayer was still using hearing aids early in World War II, when one morning he noticed that nothing came through. Anxiously he had the aid checked and found that it was working perfectly. That was one of the few occasions in his life when he verged on despondency. When he told his wife, "The machine didn't break, I did," she answered, "I'm glad. I never did like the looks of that thing anyway." Then he announced to Steiner that he was washed up. Steiner said, "What are you talking about? You never could hear anything anyway. Get back to your desk and work."

So Mayer, who had read lips only as an assist for the faint sound that came through his hearing aid, went all out for lip-reading. For weeks a woman spent two hours a day in his office teaching him to read lips. Since she only mouthed the words, there was dead silence during most of these instruction periods. "I've often wondered what people outside were thinking," says Mayer.

He conducts a great deal of business on the telephone through an intriguing set-up including two phones. He speaks into one while his secretary listens to the party on the other end and mouths the words to him.

Mayer is an exuberant, booming personality with an effervescent, sometimes grisly, sense of humor.

His uninhibited antics occasionally

get him into trouble. Because his needs are relatively simple and he has long had the wherewithal to meet them amply, he is a difficult person for whom to buy gifts. In desperation a few years ago, his sons bought him an air pistol for Christmas and Mayer was completely captivated by it. He kept it in his desk drawer at the office and had a spinning target mounted on the wall. Whenever business affairs weighed on him, he would clear the room and cut loose. It is reported that in a moment of boredom he once took a pot-shot at his secretary as she was leaving the room.

Mayer's generosity is as unrestricted as his spirits. He'll go to almost any lengths to help a person in trouble who has demonstrated a sincere willingness to help himself. In London he once read a newspaper item about a store which sold merchandise made by disabled people, and was about to go under. Mayer immediately called on the two women who ran the store, promised to back them until they got on their feet, and threw in a few tips on merchandising to boot.

LAST YEAR MAYER was invited to address a high-powered Los Angeles civic group at a big luncheon to launch Employ the Physically Handicapped Week. He was appalled to discover that he was the tenth speaker on the program, and for two hours he worked at interpreting an almost inexhaustible supply of hot air emanating from the first nine speakers, most of them politicians. At last his turn came.

"Gentlemen," Mayer boomed, "you have to be as deaf as I am to really appreciate how little most people have to say. I've been sitting here for almost two hours lip-reading speeches, and I'm plenty tired of it. Besides, I haven't heard a thing worth all that effort. Represented in this room right now is just about every local industry that could really do something about helping to put physically handicapped people at some constructive activity. I'd like to see the hands of representatives of every company that employs such people. Now, if all of you who didn't raise your hands, and that's just about everybody—will go out and employ one disabled person, you'll do more good than this whole damned luncheon." And he sat down.

Recognition in the field of employment of the physically handicapped has come to Mayer not only through his personal work but also as a result of some outstanding efforts by his company. The opportunities offered disabled employees there have been unlimited—not confined, as is normal in most businesses, to production line

or similar jobs. A half-dozen of the top executives of the American Linen Supply company have what might in other quarters be considered disqualifying disabilities as far as big business is concerned.

During World War II, the company hired 60 blind machinists in its Milwaukee cabinet-making factory, and they turned out a higher percentage of work in their specialized operation than normal workers.

The company has found other instances where certain so-called handicaps can actually be an asset in many kinds of work. For example, deaf girls run the bookkeeping machines much more efficiently than those with normal hearing because the noise of the machines induces headaches. Right now ALSCO is running a test in its Los Angeles plant on the efficiency of epileptics.

During a trip to California to discuss these tests, late in 1953, Mayer appeared on the "You Asked For It" television show, lip-reading French, German and Spanish.

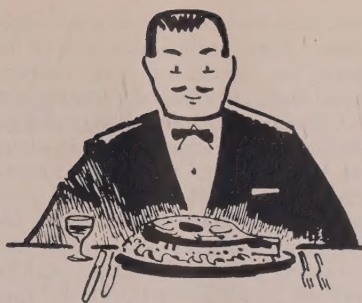
As a result he met a professor in special education at Los Angeles State College—an extroverted, dedicated woman named Ciwa Griffiths—who also had an idea that he could share with real enthusiasm. Ciwa Griffiths had long felt that children with hearing deficiencies weren't getting a fair shake; that thousands of them were growing up as deaf mutes and mentally retarded when it could have been prevented by special teaching when they were very small. When Mayer first met Miss Griffiths, she was in the process of setting up a foundation to test and prove her theories through actual research with deaf children.

In the few months the HEAR foundation—Hearing Education through Auditory Research—has been in operation in Los Angeles, several youngsters who were completely unable to speak have been brought along to the point where they can say words intelligibly. Mayer's enthusiasm for this project is boundless. Although a considerable amount of the money needed to start the foundation had been raised when he came into the picture, he enlisted to procure the remainder and promised to provide whatever additional financial support the group needs.

Mayer is convinced that his greatest asset—and the greatest asset of anybody, handicapped or not—is a sense of humor.

"Without a sense of humor," he says, "you can't have any fun out of a handicap. The more you learn to laugh at it, the less important it appears, until finally, you're hardly aware of its existence at all."

*Of Pizza, Pasta,
and Provolone*



Ralph Creasman

Ciao Line

by Virginia Ray Hamlin

Lou Malnati suggested going to Toscano's at 24th and Oakley for the best veal scallopine in town.

Red-headed Malnati ought to know. He was born in Varese, near Milan, where his mamma, along with other good cooks of the province, used garlic judiciously, pinches of oregano with a delicate thumb—unlike their more southern, Neapolitan sisters who preferred red sauces, hot-tempered and strong-minded. Veal, Malnati feels, should be lightly treated.

This opinion is reflected in the Malnati pizza, built, baked and served with care at the twin pizzerias, Uno and Due (props., father Rudy and son Lou, respectively) at the corners of both Ohio and Ontario along Wabash. Even the fresh Italian sausage which chief pizza maker Alice crumbles so carefully over the mild mozzarella is simply seasoned with salt and pepper. Anyone may buy this sausage where the Malnatis do—at Anichini's Italian supermarket (it has basket carts) on the corner of Ohio and Wells. On a shopping trip there recently for artichokes and chestnuts, I stopped at the meat counter and bought a pound, a goodly coil of fresh pork shoulder ground and forced into casings, sans garlic—*delizioso!*

Savory pizza, bowls of green salad well laced with onion rings, tortoni and an extensive wine card make up the Malnati service. But I was in the mood for a real feast Italiano—several courses of something special—the unexpected. So Lou told me to ask for Peter at Toscano's. He'd found the place, he said, when he'd gone with Rick Riccardo jr. to attend a wake in the neighborhood for one of

Rick's waiters. Toscano's is at 2439 south Oakley, several doors down from Anzillotti's funeral parlor, and adjoins the spot where the elder Riccardo first set up shop and made his first minestrone.

Tall, blue-eyed, Tuscan Peter Conzini was discovered tending his own bar. He soon disappeared into the cellar and returned with several raffia-wrapped fiascos of special white Italian wines for approval—a dry Greve and a pale, almost sweet Orvieto.

Malnati was right about the veal scallopine. Like so many good things, it's made quite simply. Conzini has his cook sauté thin slices of veal in butter (no olive oil here). Then chopped fresh mushrooms are added to simmer further and mingle juices for perhaps 20 minutes. At the very end a little Marsala wine is added, with stirring, careful tending and more heat. The entrée is ideal for chafing dish preparation on the buffet.

Waiter Joe brought in plates of mustaccioli and buttered, toasted Italian bread with the veal, and served the Orvieto. This one was bottled by the Count Vaselli firm in the famous wine-making region of Orvieto, Italy. Properly served in a tulip glass, this pale, clear, topaz wine with its light fragrance of the grape and cask offers superior companionship to subtly seasoned foods. The suave, dry, dark Chianti goes better with the red garlic sauces of Napoli and Sicily.

The capacious Toscano establishment is well filled with neighbors from the Italian area. Additional atmosphere is provided by a wall-sized Venetian canal scene complete with gondoliers and blue lighting, proper

candlelight and waltz music on FM.

The only discordant note came from little side dishes of peas and carrots.

But the recipe treasure carried home for Conzini's grostini made up for that. These are tiny triangles of toast spread with the Italian version of *paté de foie gras*, served on a handsome platter of antipasto for two. The grostini spread is as simple as a pound of chicken livers plus a small jar apiece of anchovies and capers. You brown, then simmer the chicken livers in a quarter of a cup of butter. Here you may sidestep tedious chopping and toss the cooked livers, anchovies and capers into the blender along with two or three tablespoons of sherry to thin and meld flavors. Spread on toast points or wafers, this amount makes enough to serve a fair-sized crowd at the cocktail hour.

Capers, those piquant, pickled flower seed buds, are to be found in small jars in fancy shops all over town. But it's twice as much fun to buy a pint or so from an open keg, fresh from Italy, in one of the small food shops on south Halsted.

If it's cheese, pasta or wonderfully fresh salad greens you're needing to build an authentic Italian menu, you'll find the makings in shops along this street from Polk to Roosevelt. Ferraro's, like dozens of others, groups the following enticing wares in sidewalk displays when the weather permits: fresh figs from California to slice and eat with cream and sugar; feathery fresh fennel and dandelion greens for salad; Swiss chard; miniature artichokes to parboil and fry quartered in butter; a vinery of grapes—malaga, muscatel, lady finger, ribier; casaba melons; Italian prickly pears with their soft red apple flavor. Next to a tall basket of castagne (chestnuts) stands a matching container of live striped snails, quietly napping after their long trip over the water from Italy.

Vito and Carmen Canbio were busy stocking up for the Christmas trade at their Conte de Savoia grocery, one of the largest and neatest on the street. For Italian torte baking they have jars of glazed fruits—*tutti frutti*. And there are boxes of exquisite foil-wrapped chocolates imported from Milan, jars of whole fruit marmalade to grace a Christmas duckling. If you're in the gift market for an authentic espresso coffee-maker and the black roast coffee to go with it, you'll find a wide choice here, along with ravioli rolling pins, cheese graters, cannoli tube forms.

The Conte de Savoia has one of the largest collections of imported cheese and macaroni-noodle products in town. Balls of provolone hang in

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the windows from their cords—aged, smoky, salty—harmonious with comice pears for dessert or with Carmen's homemade olive "salada" as antipasto.

Carmen will carve a sliver from any of the immense chunks of fresh cheese on her counter: parmesan, romano, fontina, mozzarella. And she'll guide you through the maze of pasta bins displaying endless shapes and forms of macaroni and spaghetti that read like the cast of an opera by Verdi. There are rigatoni, tufoli and cannoni—huge tubes to be boiled, stuffed with meat and sauced; gemelli, fusilli and rotini—twists and screw shapes; ditali, the small-cut macaroni, classic ingredient of pasta fazzuli and minestrone; bows, shells of all sizes and pretty little clam shaped cavatelli macaroni. She even has packages of Kraft Dinner in stock.

At dusk, when the shop owners bring the baskets inside and cover their doors with iron grills, the logical move is to step onto Taylor street from Halsted, and walk down a block to Tom Granata's at 907 for supper. Granata opened his restaurant at this spot 32 years ago and since has been serving his spicy Neapolitan sauces to such pasta-loving notables as Paul Whiteman, the Dorsey brothers and Ted Fiorito. Tom says it was shortly after he came from the old country and married his Giovanna that she said, "Hey, ain'tcha gonna work?" and he opened the little shop that was to serve the first pizza in Chicago.

Granata's father ran a bakery then at 767 south Halsted and made up for sidewalk sale, as they did in his native Napoli, thick circles of dough covered with tomato paste and anchovies. These left-over pieces (pezza is the word for "piece" in Italian) of dough from the bakery sold like hot-cakes when they were baked to order in little portable stoves fed to a red heat with wood shavings.

Tom Granata soon found that the musicians who came down from the Loop in the old speakeasy days to gossip and drink his homemade red wine were highly in favor of the fragrant, hot, pie-shaped slices of pizza he served alongside.

It was probably hard-working Giovanna who was responsible for extending the little pizzeria into the full-scale restaurant it is today. Paul Whiteman still comes in for his favorite meal of her bracciola and mustaccioli or veal parmigiana when he's in Chicago, and Granata says Tommy Dorsey was in a few weeks ago for his simple meal of veal scallopine and salad. He likes to tell of the time about four years ago when "Bob Hopes, Jerry Collon and Bings Crosby" tied up traffic on Taylor street as they came down to fortify their golfing strength with spaghetti.

Dessert is a major experience at Granata's, where made-to-order zabaglione is supplemented with a heady demi-tasse of black espresso coffee. Joe, the waiter, (St. Joseph must be the patron saint of all Italian waiters) said of the zabaglione, sweet golden fluff heaped in a crystal glass, "Da yolka da eggs, that's all, no white." He confided that to serve two, you take two egg yolks, mixed with two teaspoons of sugar, and "beat lika da crazy" in a pan of hot water (double boiler to you).

Then, when the eggs become thickened and fluffy, you beat in a wine glass (fourth of a cup) of Marsala wine. While teaching, Joe poured the powerful black coffee from a small espresso pot, then softened the sting of the brew by wiping each small cup rim with a twist of lemon and tossing the peel into the coffee.

It's surprising how many followers of the spaghetti-pizza circuit have never been to Blackie's. And yet when Rocky Marciano comes through the nearby Dearborn station he stops here for his favorite dish of white beans and macaroni—pasta fazzuli or pasta fagioli as it's spelled on Blackie's extensive menu. Joni James, after a tough recording session, tackles her favorite gnocci, the round potato pasta dumplings dripping with meat sauce. Ralph Marterie, Blackie says, always orders the rollatini di vitello, a tasty main dish of veal slices rolled up with cheese, parsley and garlic spiced seasonings.

Possibly it's because Blackie was a waiter at Granata's for years, or because Mike, his cook, began his Chicago career under the tutelage of Big Jim Colosimo—that even boxer-wrestler Tony Galento is satisfied, when he dines there, stowing away any and everything that comes from the kitchen. Blackie admits to being a "Dixieland" Italiano—from the south of the Boot, where things are cooked rich, spicy, hot and garlicky, heavy on the "oregan."

Blackie's has a really complete soup-through-dessert menu. Difficult and delicate baked lasagne is on its daily bill. With an hour of baking needed to meld tomato sauce, noodles and cheese, this is a dish that cannot be done to order.

On the dessert end of the menu, cannoli supplements the usual spumoni and tortoni. Cannoli aren't made easily. They must first be baked on round forms into tubular shapes, crisp and wafery, then filled with whipped ricotta cheese, powdered sugar and shavings of chocolate and pistachio for garnish.

Blackie's is at Clark and Polk in clean, quiet quarters at the top of pine paneled stairs.

The Onion Patch



A little to the left of *Pogo*, in a newspaper a little to the right of *Pogo*, there appears regularly a column entitled "The Town Crier" and written by a laddie-buck named Tony Weitzel.

The photograph of the author which often occupies a part of this corner shows him in a Man-of-Distinction pose, apparently advertising the wrist watch that looms large in the foreground. The picture radiates urbanity, correctness and tone. It belies the familiar falsehood about the value of a thousand words, because it belies the character of its subject.

In his natural state, Tony Weitzel is in his natural state—warm, unaffected, sentimental to a degree achieved only by those newspapermen who have turned away from their cynical prototypes in late TV movies and gone to the opposite extreme.

This description is not intended to imply that Just Plain Tony is a hero without a tragic flaw. Although the Fourth Estate has a universal editorial tendency to confuse itself with the First, the resemblance is actually only rhetorical.

Weitzel's secular imperfections include a leaning toward rash predictions and a faculty for occasional misstatements on a grand scale.

His tea leaves were tried and found soggy not long ago when he proclaimed that Jack Muller "can quit hoping" for a return to the Rush street traffic beat: "Traffic Chief Mike Ahern . . . WON'T end Muller's exile from Glitter Gulch." Less than a month later, Ahern churlishly DID allow Muller to resume his literary activities on the Near North Side.

About the time of this betrayal, Weitzel was exercising his peculiar flair for saying something quite different from what he means. Discussing the tendency of large cities to become suburbanized, he reported that the decentralizing trend had been relatively slight here: "We've got more 'Chicagoans' living inside our city limits than any other major city except Baltimore."

Either this statement is untrue, or Weitzel missed the real story—which is that the entire South Side quietly slipped away with Paul Richards when he went to the Orioles.

A third human failing of this town's Crier is an excessive affinity for familiar phrases, paradoxically coupled with innocence of the one that concerns residents of glass houses.

Midway between the two transgressions related above, Weitzel cited an article in something called a "mag" dealing with one of his fellow columnists, John S. Knight. He complained that the "mag" (an upstart monthly named for the place where it is published) had misspelled the word between "John" and "Knight."

Properly chastened, the "mag" reacted by sacking its middle-name editor, Lt. (j.g.) George Wellington Streeter IV. In a futile plea for mercy, young Streeter pointed to an item in the same day's "Town Crier."

There Hugh Cross, then chairman of the Interstate Commerce commission, who already had enough trouble, found his last name arbitrarily changed to "Gross." Weitzel was not so cavalier in his treatment of the "mag." He spelled its name correctly.

GRANTED THAT THE AGE of investigation has passed its peak, some appropriate committee ought to look into the reputed conspiracy between the city and park district to promote socialism. This plot is apparent in the initial actions of the two municipal bodies toward solution of the Loop parking quandary.

The park district's big cave under Grant park is being operated by a bunch of government bureaucrats, with eminently satisfactory results. It's inexpensive; it's wonderfully easy to enter and leave; it makes money.

Its success from every point of view has thoroughly justified the district's extension of its functions to embrace the second meaning of "park" and has brought optimistic planning for similar facilities in other areas.

The history of the city-owned garages has been quite different. The towering car port on La Salle street across from the city hall, for example, was leased to private operators. It charges more than the park district garage; it takes millennia to disgorge a car; it has been losing money.

The fiscal problems of this garage and the others owned by the city raise a serious question as to how a

market will be found for future bond issues to finance similar projects.

In contrast to the simple design of the park district garage, the one by the city hall is built around an awesome clump of machinery—four elevators that can travel diagonally, taking cars to and from their nests high above hordes of customers nervously pacing the ground floor.

A long wait for one of these contraptions to cough up its prey produced a bit of pertinent dialogue:

A man with a little boy pointed aloft and exulted, "Look how that elevator works; isn't that terrific?"

Said the driver next to him, "Everything's terrific around here except the service."

Actually, of course, the difference in the garages has little to do with economic ideology. The decisive factor is the shape of the buildings, which in turn determines the means of handling the cars.

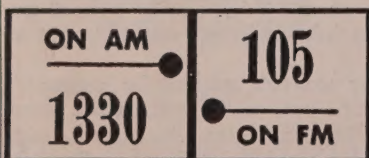
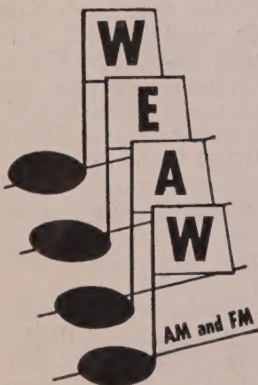
The park district garage is low and long and wide, so that its patrons can make their own deposits. The one at the city hall is narrow and high, and can operate only under the attendant system. Since there cannot be a jockey for every car, even in relatively slack periods, efficiency is necessarily less than in a self-parking establishment. And aside from the time factor, a substantial bloc of drivers much prefers a system in which the customer can personally park, and lock, his car. As a class, hikers are not noted for having a gentle touch with brake, steering wheel and clutch.

Not all of the city garages are of extreme vertical construction, of course—only those which have been the least successful.

There is a lesson here for the politicians in the shadow of the La Salle street garage. The thing to do with parking facilities is make them horizontal. They will take more land this way, and the initial cost may therefore be higher. But a successful big investment is better than a small one that fails—under any economic system.

THIS MONTH'S AWARD for mercantile genius goes to the north Clark street grocery proprietor who placed a sign in his window reading, in Spanish: "Puerto Rican spoken here." —A. W.

For the Best in MUSIC



More About the Tree

Sir: May I offer some additional information concerning the "Woodworth tree" covered in your September issue?

The tree in question was a poplar, probably not existing before 1893, since it is hardly large enough. It died of natural causes, a combination of city living and old age. At the request of the South Park Improvement association, the upper portion was removed, leaving a stump about 15 feet high. Since it was on city property, the job was done by the City of Chicago Forestry division. It was unsightly, so at our own expense we had the stump cut once again, this time with a square cut. There has been some talk of building a canopy arrangement on top of the stump, but nothing has developed.

The people in Woodworth's have denied consistently any interest in this natural bulletin board, probably to be relieved of any complaints issuing from the periodic stripping. One of the complaints is that interested parties take off the cards to save themselves the trouble of writing down addresses and phone numbers. One person I know uses a card of a bright, distinctive color, so that he can check his postings on the fly as he drives past.

ALAN K. BARLOW,
Superintendent

South Park Improvement association

What's a Gridiron?

Sir: Please accept my congratulations on having written a football story ["A Long Way from the Starch-works"—November] six pages long without once using "gridiron" or "pigskin."

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Or Was It "Shikawgo"?

Sir: In view of the fact that the CHICAGO magazine refuses to publish my material, in the future you shall receive none. I shall refuse to read the CHICAGO magazine. As Wendle L. Wilke once said, "To hell with Chicago."

FRANK MILLER,
Elgin

Offended by Defense

Sir: I wish to register a vigorous protest against an article in the October issue entitled "In Defense of a Gangster." I am not a literary or intellectual prude who cannot stomach anything that doesn't bear the drawing room flavor—and I can read and enjoy some pretty rugged literature, provided it has two virtues—worthwhile subject matter and worthwhile expression. The article under criticism had neither virtue. Let it be sackcloth and ashes for the misguided individual on your staff who is responsible.

GEORGE SYPE,
Oak Park

Wache Your Rilke

Sir: I was greatly interested in the Rilke translation by John Logan [October]. However, in common with every other translation of *Fall Day* I've seen, he gives *wache* as "wake up" whereas it actually means "watch" or "keep vigil"—a clinical image of Rilke's classical intellectual insomnia.

P. L. FORSTALL

We Didn't Notice

Sir: Stop sending your magazine to me—I find some rather obscene pictures and do not want to encourage this.

HELEN TERNES,
Kankakee

Panacea

Sir: Frankly, I'm disappointed in the quality of CHICAGO magazine. Basically, it seems to me, there's nothing wrong with it that a few good writers wouldn't cure.

R. MAX KERSHAW

Optimist

Sir: CHICAGO is getting a real personality, quite its own. Its art work is really terrific; its written content has to come along to live up to it. From the recent issues, I think in time it will.

KENNETH DOUTY